The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1890. NO. 43

PATTISON ELECTED

Great Victory for the Democracy!

DELAMATER DEFEATED BY 20,000 MAJORITY ON TUESDAY!

THE COUNTY TICKET ELECTED BY A LARGELY INCREASED MAJORITY. DEMOCRATS HAVE LARGE GAINS ALL OVER.

Democracy wins!

Tuesday's election decided the fate of Boss Quay and his Standard Oil Company appointment for Governor, Delamater. The state of Pennsylvania is not large but on Tuesday it was a little too big for one man to take charge of the Republican voters and elect Delamater governor.

Elections were held in all the states and the returns so far indicate a largely increased vote for the Democracy. The next congress will have a majority of over sixty for the Democrats.

Pattison is elected Governor by a majority of near 20,000. He had large Democratic gains all over the state, particularly in Republican strongholds, where heavy gains and majorities were made. The Republicans were tired of Bossism and will endure it no longer.

The Democracy stood together and voted to a man. It was a complete victory.

1778 Majority for Pattison.

All honor to the Republicans who aided to swell the Democratic majorities in state and county!

We promise you better things under Democratic rule!

If the Democrats don't do better than the Republicans, turn 'em out, next time.

Pattison will give you a pure administration.

The REPORTER predicted 1600 to 1800 Democratic majority in old Centre.

The returns show it was not far wrong.

The REPORTER is generally accurate in its estimate of the county.

A decent man will fill the sheriff's office, after next January.

The Augean stable of the commissioners office has had the river of popular discontent run thro it and there will now be a cleaning out.

Good-bye $3 per day loafers.

COUNTY TICKET.

All the Ticket Elected by Big Majorities.

Centre county elected her ticket to a man, and rolled up the largest majority for years.

Every man on the Democratic ticket was elected and the county again goes into reliable hands. There was little scratching and cutting done by the Democrats and they voted straight.

The people of Centre have enough of Republican rule in this county with the present board of officials and turned out on Tuesday to turn them out.

The Democracy had out every vote and a large one was polled. Centre no longer stands among the doubtful, but stands high in Democratic majority. It was a complete victory, which even surprised the Democrats themselves.

New York.

New York state elects twenty Democratic congressmen and fourteen Republican; a Democratic gain of five. The latest returns show Democratic gains in the assembly. The last house was 57 Democrats, 71 Republicans Returns at midnigbt indicate the election of 67 Republicans and 61 Democrats. New York City has given Mayor Grant 22,000 plurality, and the other candidates of the Tammany Hall ticket pluralities from 13,000 to 22,000. It is estimated that the new ballot law kept at least 10,000 voters away from the polls, while 5,000 more failed to get their ballots prepared within the required ten minutes and were disfranchised.

The farming districts in the state did finely for Pattison, but it seems the large cities and towns showed a still greater opposition to bossism.

The Democrats have every thing on the bill of fare from soup and fish down to chocolate and vanilla ice cream, and the honest Republicans are seated around the table with us.

807 Majority for Wm. Ishler.

They Have Gone.

The boat containing the Centre county contingent of Delamater shriekers left early on Wednesday morning; the passengers were very much down in the mouth and tears stood in their eyes.

The boat was labelled the "Quay Boodler," and was rickety looking, and likely to sink with the unimportant crew.

The stock of provisions was very scant and of the poorest grade, on account of the McKinley high prices, and it is inevitable that life will be miserable up there with the poor fellows. Some wished they were in China, some in Patagonia, while others regret they didn't follow good advice and vote the Pattison ticket, which would have assured them a pleasant life down in old Centre among the glorious Democrats.

Nothing of interest occurred in the rotten craft until it approached the Karthouse bridge, when Henderson and his butty Gallagher, got on deck to have a last look at the fraud upon the taxpayers, when ker-thump one of the girders of the bridge came in contact with Henderson's mush bowl, where his brain should have been, and he went head-over-monkey into the raging canawl. Gallagher seeing the danger of his companion in boodle, sprung into the stream to rescue his partner in the Karthouse bridge job, but both were drowned.

There was mighty little lamentation and wailing on board when the accident became known. Some consoled themselves by saying that Henderson's mulish management of the commissioners office, ruined the Republican party in Centre county; others allowed, with a serious air, that as Henderson had raised the valuations he might now try and raise himself, and a vote being taken it was unanimously agreed to hold no collection for a headstone for him and Gallagher.

Tobacco and grog were scarce, which seemed to set hard on the crew, especially as to the latter, as they had just gone thro a "spirited" campaign and now the Wolfe was at the door.

There was much annoyance from one passenger, named Fiedler, who, swearing day and night the boat was full of snakes—nearly all were wishing he'd go to see Gallagher, and end the snake seeing on the boat. A sorry set were a little squad on board, known as the Gazette's favorite "Democrats", who supply that sheet with false clap-trap stories and get a few puffs for their dirty work. The decenter part of the Republicans didn't associate with the *Gazette* "Democrats," and they had to eat at the second table, and no one would set up a "trade" with them.

Wolfe acted as tho he had taken the seven year's itch, while Tyson said he felt as tho he had fifty sicknesses at one time running thro his treasury system.

A down coming steamer filled with jolly Democrats, passed the "Quay Boodler," when Fiedler hailed it and asked to have some matter mailed. The captain wanted to know what it was, and when Jimmy told it was for the *Gazette*, the captain said "no, that is obscene literature; can't be mailed; Wanamaker ruled it out."

In order to kill off misery a little, it was agreed that the poets in the crew try their hands at poetry. L. L. Brown led off by producing the following ditty:

Here we are in misery run,
The down boat's got all the fun,
I done my best for a big hoo-ray,
But got all busted on Matt Quay.

A leather medal was voted Lawrence on that production.

Next came Wanama ker's professor of "obscene literature," who ground out the following *liar-ic*.

I'm for Patter-mater;
Don't care an Irish 'tater,
What direction's on my tag,
Only so I get the swag.
And up at head of salt water
I can't be skinned by the barn REPORTER.

Next came our friend Decker, with semi lament,

My time is up, I'm goen home,
Been crowded off by ingrate Strohm;
I made Jim commissioners' clerk,
Then he tripped me up—what dirty work!

The turn at the helm now fell to Fiedler, soon the boat was found to go zig-zag, *a la* Sunbury. The crew became alarmed and began to swear and wanted to know what the deal he was runnen her over and over for, when Jim explained, "why dontcher know I tryen to get clear of them snakes that's tryin to run in on us."

Here our notes had to close in order to reach the REPORTER in time for this week's issue.

Maryland.

The Democrats make a clean sweep in Baltimore, turning up the largest majority given since the war. Returns from all over the state show large Democratic gains. Congressional delegation is elected, making a clean gain of three.

New Jersey.

The Democrats have elected state senators in Essex, Monmouth, Union, Somerset and Warren counties, which give them control of the senate. The Democrats will also have an increased majority in the house.

ILLINOIS.

The indications are that the election will be very close in this state. However the Republican state central committee chairman claims that all the Republican congressmen in the state are re-elected.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

No choice for governor by the people. The Democrats gain 18 members of the legislature in 73 towns, and McKinney Democrat, is elected to congress in the First district.

OHIO.

Early returns from nearly every section in the state indicate a Republican victory by a majority ranging from 5,000 to 20,000.

MICHIGAN.

The Democrats claim the election of the governor and also congressmen in the First, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Tenth districts.

ALABAMA.

Alabama rolls up her usual Democratic majority. Every Democratic nominee was elected.

NORTH CAROLINA

The Democrats carry the state and elect 8 out of 9 congressmen.

Lieing and falsehood don't count, does it Fiedler?

Abusing Democrats by the *Gazette* is not sanctioned by Democrats or decent Republicans.

See the rebuke in Centre county's magnificent majority.

Thanks to the decent element in the Republican ranks for their patriotism on Tuesday in voting for clean politics.

Delamater did not run for gnvernor—he only got appointed for nomination by Quay.

One named Pattison ran for governor.

The people of Centre county won't dance to a tipsy fiedler,

Kunes have taken to their holes.

The Wolfe didn't break into the county barn yard—the Democratic watch-dogs were there.

Republicans are cussing Fiedler's *Gazette*, like last year they say it has ruined the party—no party can survive such an organ.

Falsehood, trading and abuse did not defeat Ishler worth a cent.

He got there magnificently.

Gramley got there too, in good order.

The Rush township Republican county ticket got left.

The more extra copies of the *Gazette* were handed out, the worse things got for its party. Neither Republicans nor anybody believes any thing printed in that sheet.

"I want to own a governor once," said Matt Quay.

Not this time, boss.

This is Wolfe on the home stretch—left behind.

Black and Barclay Defeated.

The late despatches this morning announce the probable defeat of Black, for Lieutenant Governor, and Barclay, for Secretary of Interior, and the election of Watres and Stewart, the Republican candidates. Watres and Stewart are no doubt elected, as both ran far ahead of Delamater in nearly every county, Philadelphia county alone gave Watres a majority of 11,279 greater than that for Delamater, and Stewart 11,907 greater. In Allegheny and the other counties Watres and Stewart received an increase vote about in proportion to that of Philadelphia.

A warrant has seen issued for the arrest Col. John F. Glenn, one of the Republican workers of Philadelphia, on an affidavit made by Francis Bannan, the Democratic Judge of Election in the Thirty-fifth division of the Fifteenth ward, charging him with bribery. Bannan swears that Glenn met him on Thursday and offered him $50 if he would give Delamater 25 Democratic votes in the returns and would give the Republicans of the division no more trouble than could be avoided and that Glenn paid him $25 on Friday night and $25 more last night.

What is a Nuisance?

Judge Yerkeg, of Philadelphia, thus defines the force and bearing of the word nuisance in the meaning of the law: A nuisance is whatever worketh annoyance or hurt to another. Only a public nuisance for a man to get frequently and publicly drunk, so that the public may hear him, and by so doing interfere with the public. It is a nuisance to have property and have men and people gather before it and obstruct the passers-by. This is an offense which ought to be dealt with according to the full penalty of the law. The Supreme Court says that the public has a right to have the use of the public highway without obstruction from crowds and where loafers congregate upon the pavements in towns it becomes an indictable offense. And when men and boys stand on the street corners gibing passers-by, making it inconvenient for them to walk on the pavement, it is a nuisance. Keepers of stores and cigar shops or whatever may be their business or occupation, who tolerate crowds gathering before their place of business to the inconvenience of the public, may be indicted.

A dispatch from Kansas City says: There is considerable excitement to-day among Kansas City stock men relating to advices received from Mexico to the effect that that country has placed a duty of $500 per car on American cattle. This practically ruins all live stock trade between this country and Mexico. The act of the Mexican Government is purely a retaliatory one, and was precipitated by the fear the Mexicans have of the McKinley bill.

It is a poor game that two can't play at.

Centre county O. K!

No more *Cooking* about the jail!

No more Henderson!

No more Gallagher and bridge jobs.

No more raising of valuations.

No more squandering of the county funds!

Centre Hall Democrats had a big bonfire on Tuesday night, and with drums, firing of anvils and pistols, and cheering, the great Democratic victory was celebrated in lively style by the crowd.

The traders came out at the little end of the horn—Ishler is the name of the new sheriff.

Treachery does not find favor with honest people.

Wolfe did not get there by a long shot.

Cook won't be deputy.

Rejoice and be glad!

Rejoice and be glad!

Bring the roosters!

Eat your Thanksgiving turkey now!

The bosses are downed.

High tariffs and high taxes are condemned!

A Reed shaken by the wind.

The czar's count of quorum condemned.

Honest government called for by the people!

The state taken from the hands of the machine!

— Good substantial clothing for very little money at S. Loeb's.

——A big slaughter in Men's, Boy's Children's overcoats at S. Loeb's.

——Shirts, underwear, hats, caps, trunks and valises at cost.—S. Loeb.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

Bohemian Oats Swindle in Union County.

It appears the Bohemian oats swindle came up, like Bancho's ghost, in the late election in Union county, as the letter below shows:

THE AWKWARD POSITION IN WHICH MR. RITTER IS PLACED.

Mr. Jamer R. Ritter, Republican candidate for the Legislature, stand up and answer—

If, as you state in last week's Saturday News, you were not interested in the Bohemian Oats swindle on our hard working Republican farmers in 1885, why did you hail me on the streets of Lewisburg before you were nominated and since your nomination at the court house, there and without any solicitation on my part, say to me after following me up the Court House steps: 'See here, Stahl, I am very sorry that I ever had anything to do with the Bohemian Oats notes swindle;" that your wife, when she was out collecting those notes from our farmers, had bad luck; that you lost a horse by the transaction and dirty work, and that I should not be angry at you for collecting the one hundred and seven dollars for the 10 bushels of oats I had received, worth $3.50, (a clean steal from me by somebody of $103.50.)

Now then, tell the readers of our family newspapers, who got the $103.50 I was robbed of and paid your wife. If as you say, you had nothing to do with the rascally transaction, hurry up and tell the people through the newspapers who received this $103.50. When we Republicans send men to the Legislature we generally see to it that honest men go there from our county, and don't you forget it. Calling me names on the streets, don't explain who got the $103.50. Then, were you or were you not at John Reed's in Buffalo township, too, trying to induce him to buy Bohemian Oats in the year 1885?

Well, then, tell me whether you or your wife collected the Bohemian Oats swindle note you held against John Reed, of Kelly township, and by whom or how was this note settled? Then tell me who Ammon E. Reedy and Oscar Creveling, both farmers of Buffalo township, paid there Bohemian Oats swindle notes to? Now, then, if you know, who did Oscar Creveling, of Mazeppa, Jacob Keiser, Adam Grove and Harry Hafer, of Kelly township, and Reuben Moyer, of Buffalo Cross Roads, pay their Bohemian Oats swindle notes to? I would like to know all about this oats swindle business. Now hurry up, Jim, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We don't want to send a man to the Pennsylvania Legislature in this year of our Lord 1890, who has had his long fingers in any Bohemian Oats soup. It requires honest men to make good laws for our Union county Republicans. We don't want to send Bohemian Oats swindle note shavers there. So arise and explain—do it quick—no time to lose.

JACOB K. STAHL.

The REPORTER has some statements in reference to the B. O. swindle in Centre county, from responsible parties, which will be printed when occasion calls for it.

Save Your Money! Don't throw it away.

You can effect a saving of 25 to 50 per cent by purchasing your Millinery and Fancy Goods from us. We have without exception the *Largest Stock* of Millinery Goods in this section, and at the *most reasonable prices*. The newest and latest designs received daily as fast as they are introduced in the large cities. To our Trimmed Millinery we are constantly adding New Designs, which keeps the stock at all times fresh and attractive.

Remember, no *old stock* or *shoddy goods* we give you new styles, and good qualities at uniformly low rates. We have every conceivable color and style in Ostrich Plumes and Tips, Ostrich and Bird effects, Fancy Feathers, Birds, Wings, Aigrettes, &c.

A special Drive in Black and Colored Ostrich Plumes—every shade—50 cents per bunch of three. As we buy most of our goods direct from the makers, we save at least 20 per cent, of which our customers receive the benefit. Come and see us and be convinced. Strehle's Millinery—Allegheny St. Brockerhoff Block—Bellefonte, Pa.

"But all this cannot be accomplished by the policy which leads to retaliation. The McKinley bill is said to have produced great havoc in Europe, and its friends in this country boast of the foreign protests and threats which its enactment has provoked. But what if Europe should retaliate by checking her imports of breadstuffs and of cotten, and oil and provisions from the United States? What would become of us? We sent arboad last year $742,000,000 worth of goods and three-fourths of them were agricultural products. Suppose, as a result of this Republican policy of prohibition, Europe should be forced to draw largely on Canada and Russia and India and Asia for the products, what would become of the American farmers? What could recompense the country for the loss of this vast market? What could alleviate the distress among all classes of our people?

"A distinguished stateman has truly said 'that our exports preserve us from bankruptcy.' Talk about reciprocity—this is retaliation, embargo, prohibition. Well might Blaine complain that the McKinley bill won't open a new market for a single bushel of wheat or a barrel of pork. We ought to feel mighty grateful if it does not deprive us of what markets we have."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

AN OLD TIME ROMANCE.

Right here, in this venerable oak tree's shade,
My grandmother's mother sat one day,
In solemn state and in stiff brocade,
Awaiting a lover, a knight they say.
Down yonder hillside with flashing spur
He came like a vision, o'er field and fen,
In his satin breeches and gold-laced coat,
And a queer old dresser he must have been

I do not think I could have fancied him so,
In his wedding plumes and his sonnet gay—
And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,
Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day
By his side, o'er the stairway her picture hangs,
A dainty lady, so proud and prim
That more than half of my wayward blood
It is very plain must have come from him

Here is a letter a century old;
For true knightly sentiment very well,
And a dashing hand, but it must be told
That my charming great-grandpapa could not spell:
"Honered madam and deer, though mine eyes bereft
'May not dwell on thy form and face so fair,
'Still the promise of hope to my poor heart is left,
'And at dawning of eve I aspire to be there.'"

I should like to know if at eve he came—
Why, of course he did, for am I not here?
Proudly bearing his ancient name
With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear"
And if on that sofa they sat asunder
Fully two feet, as was proper and right,
Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,
Half such a kiss as I had last night?

Ah, Lucy, though minuet and spinet,
And curtly manners in grand array,
Tell on, old story, there's something in it
That reaches the heart just the same to-day.
And I wonder when my little day is over,
And my grandchildren flit 'neath this old tree's shade,
If they'll say, "She had just such a noble lover,
And as true and tender a wife she made"

HUNTER'S RAID.

In 1864 it became apparent to the federal authorities that the rich valley of Virginia, which was the granary and storehouse of the confederacy, must be crippled. General David Hunter was therefore bidden to take 15,000 men and make a raid up the Shenandoah and ruin the growing crops and grain stores, destroy the railroads, mills and foundries, and do all possible damage to the resources of the enemy as far as he was able to go. It is with one of the earliest incidents of this remarkable campaign that I have to deal.

General Hunter belonged to a family whose ancestral home was on the lower Shenandoah, and he was related to many of the old families there, among others to the Botelers.

The head of the Boteler house was Colonel William Boteler, now in the department of justice at Washington, then a staff officer of high rank at Richmond. His estate was a short distance from Shepherdstown.

When Hunter's corps entered the valley at Shepherdstown the sky was obscured by day with the smoke and glowed at night with the glare of burning barns, mills and haystacks.

Mrs. Boteler and her daughters, with one or two faithful servants, were then in the house. So often had their farm been fought over by both armies, that there was nothing left on it for these newcomers to take or destroy that could be of any value as munitions of war. The house itself, however, had been little hurt, and its valuable library and pictures and furniture had been protected by both armies as each in turn was in possession. David Hunter was Mrs. Boteler's own cousin and the playmate of her childhood. Surely, she thought, she had nothing to fear in her poverty and loneliness—rather something to hope for from her long ago cousin and friend.

Cheered by these thoughts, it was with no terror that the ladies sat upon the porch and watched the long blue column come undulating over the low hills and march hour after hour along the road that ran in front of the estate.

The well-house was conspicuous, and almost at the first squads of men ran in to drink and fill their canteens, but all were courteous, and the first officer of consequence who appeared placed a guard at the well to preserve order and keep any evil-disposed men out of the house.

At last the great army had passed, save straggling followers, and the sun was low over North mountain when a squad of cavalrymen came galloping back from the departing host with a young lieutenant in command. They turned into the yard, and the officer dismounted. Lifting his cap he said:

"This is Colonel Boteler's house?"

"It is, and I am Mrs. Boteler. We have nothing left about the place except a little meal and bacon for ourselves. I hope you won't deprive us of that."

"I only wish I had no worse to do, but, madam, I have General Hunter's orders to burn this house and all its contents to the ground at once. You must believe me," he went on, with a genuine sadness in his voice, "that I hate it from the bottom of my heart. I would cheerfully resign if that would save it, but there is no help. The orders are peremptory, and admit of no delay. All I can let you do—I cannot believe the general knew any one was here—is to gather up your clothing and such valuables as you can carry. Please hasten, and"—with sudden supplicating gestures and tone, for he was boyish and sensitive—"please forgive me for my part in this cruel work!"

The men looked equally sad as silently and swiftly they helped Mrs. Boteler and her daughsers—I think there were three of them—make into bundles the few necessaries they were allowed to take away.

Suddenly the music of the piano swelled through the house, and mother and sister knew that the eldest of the daughters was taking farewell of her beloved instrument that in the old days had rung so merrily for flying feet and gay hearts, and later had been the solace of long evenings of cruel loneliness and anxiety, or, abandoned to the soldiery, had led the loud chorus of both north and south.

"Is this all?" inquired the lieutenant with a choking voice, and, bearing the little bundles out to the stricken women, whispered to the sergeant to do his duty.

Then there came floating out through the parlors the rich young voice, chanting: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and the hardy sergeant and men felt the tears springing as they crept to the back of the house and lighted the fires at the dryest corners.

Cap in hand, hardly daring to look at the long row of books, the pictures, the bric-a-brac, the pretty articles of feminine adornment with which the rooms were garnished—shutting his eyes to these things lest they unnerve him—the lieutenant approached the piano and besought the singer to leave the room.

She paid not the slightest attention—seemed neither to hear nor see him. Her mother and sisters were blinded and deafened by grief—never dreamed what she meant to do; but the flames ate into the dear old mansion from two sides, and caught at the high cornices and set their banner on the roof, and wisps of smoke swept in through the doors and explored the cool shade of the parlor before the chant was done, and to it all the apt musician seemed oblivious.

"Now," thought the officer, awestruck at the unearthly expression of the girl's face, and the awfulness of the scene, "now she will go." But as he advanced a step toward her, she spurned him with a real gesture, and striking the chords of "Come, ye Disconsolate, where'er ye Languish," broke with clear, pure, divinely modulated pathos into the words and music of that touching hymn.

She sang it slowly, unmindful of the crackle of the flames and the thickening smoke. The officer begged her to go, but she paid not the slightest heed, and, when she had finished it, still sat on at the piano, and began another hymn. Then the sergeant ran in to tell his superior that the fire would cut off their escape in a moment and the roof was likely to fall. The singer heard, but showed no care; and the two men, now realizing that she meant to stay and play till she and the piano fell into the ashes together took her gently by the arms, reverently closed the instrument, and half led, half carried her out of the doomed house.

They paused at the well and looked back. Red flames were racing up the curtains of the windows and reading the titles of the books, and one by one they could hear, as they listened, the musical snapping of the heated piano strings.

"God grant I may never have such duty again," prayed the federal officer, as he released the girl into her mother's arms and saw the blessed tears come to relieve the almost fatal tension of despair.

And then he rode away.

Cool Mrs. Sanden.

Mrs. Sanden, of Artondale, Oregon, surprised a big bear in her back yard last week. She did not scream or fall in a faint, but stepped into the house and, getting a rifle, dispatched the intruder.

—It is generally believed that the sewing machine was originated by Elias Howe. This is not true, as the first sewing machine was patented in England by Thomas Saint, on July 17, 1790, twenty-five years before Howe was born.

—Parasols made of the best linden wood, manufactured by Finnish peasants in the suburbs of Viborg are in fashion in the Russian summer resorts along the lines of the Russo-Finnish railroads. They are light, elegant and cheap.

YANKEEISMS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE AND SPEECH.

Some Yankee Stories That Are a Bit Old but Good.

Clarence Deming contributes to the Christian Union some characteristics of rural New England life and speech taken from a note-book of twenty-five years' standing. When, many years ago, I asked a rustic citizen of the town, after his first visit to New York, his opinion of the great city, his reply was: "Weel, I never! Why, there on Broadway it allers seemed's though meetin's just out."

The note book abounds in miscellaneous Yankeeisms gleamed from the whimsical characters to be found in every back town of Yankeedom. Among the oddest of this odd species was Mr. D——, a rugged and antique resident of a Western Connecticut village. While driving his cows to pasture Mr. D—— used to address them in most emphatic terms.

One day, while the animals were in uncommonly frolicsome mood, he was overheard to say: "Yes, scatter, will ye! Blast ye! if there warn't but one of ye ye'd scatter!" On a night dark as Erebus, Mr. D—— rushed out excitedly on boys pilfering his favorite pear tree, exclaiming: "I see ye! I know ye! Where be ye? Who are ye?" His profanity was often most voluble and redundant; but it never reached a loftier climax than on an occasion when he missed the backboard of his wagon after a five-mile drive, and, on going back for it, found that he had been using it as a seat. One of his near neighbors was a good old dame, the Mrs. Malaprop of the village, who once remarked at our dinner table: "I know a person who calls the cornish of a roof the tarnish." She was matched by one of my old Yankee friends, now gone to his reward, who corrected an acquaintance reading aloud an account of President Lincoln's funeral, saying that the word "corpse" was French, and ought to be prononnced "core."

It was not long before, at a local sword presentation during the civil war, that I heard one of the orators exhort the ladies not to forget the soldiers in the hospital as well as on the field. "For," added he, "there's more what is not slewed on the field of battle than what is killed by ball." At court in that village I was present when a witness testified that "there were somewheres between 'leven and twelve eggs in the basket." Among the good Yankee stories of the neighborhood are the following: "Mr. B——, before driving from his farm to town, used to delay long delivering what he called his "last words." His vexed hired man at last broke out: "Mr. B——, you'd be an awful bad man to die; you'd have so many last words that the undertaker's bill would come in before yer was dead." One of the oddest native characters was Mr. B——, an ardent defender of the doctrine of election. One day while "argyfying" with a neighbor at dinner, he lifted a morsel of beef on his fork, asserting: "I have no more doubt, sir, of the doctrine of election than that I shall eat that meat." With the emphasis of his gesture the meat flew off and was instantly devoured by the family dog.

Here are a few Yankeeisms, drawn for the most part from the same locality: "He butters sausages"—i. e., lives too extravagantly; "Back up your cart," for pass your plate; "Waal, that's a huckleberry tew much;" "He died of plexy;" "Can't let yer have no eggs to-day, we're a-settin';" "I have written a receipt for my husband's tombstone;" "Draw a long scythe" (sigh); "These corns hurt me so I most want to walk backwards;" "Newark, New Jersey, is in New York State, isn't it?" "We had a fine ball last night! the T. Ostrich (orchestra) played for us."

Let me close with this rural telegram which, many years ago, I was permitted to copy, and which I pen literally, save the substitution of a spurious name:

"John Smith has broken his legs badley. All well."

She Saw a Bull Fight.

A Baltimore girl, who faints at the sight of a caterpillar, turns green at the flow of blood, and is in every way of a most gentle and kindly nature, thus writes home about her visit to a bull fight—the occasion being the farewell to Paris of the prince of matadors, Louis Mazzantini:

"At last I have seen my first bull fight, and I hope my last. You could not have borne it five minutes, and I scarcely know how I did.

"Imagine an immense arena, with 22,000 people packed in circles, while above innocent little white clouds floated over an intensely blue sky. At times the tender-hearted clouds shut the sky entirely off from all view of what was going on beneath in the arena, while frequent short, April-like showers of tears (?) fell from them, and it is to be hoped soothed the wounds of the six enraged bulls that succeeded each other to death.

The occasion was Mazzantini's farewell to his Parisian public, which has made such a hero of him. Not only had fatted calves been killed in his honor in appreciation of the fatted bulls which Mazzantini had killed with such glory, but hats and handerchiefs waved, presents of silver, of gold and jewels were thrown to him after his little speech of farewell, and flowers, in forms of wreaths, bouquets and hearts, soon covered the gore-stained ground. Of all these gifts the only one this Spanish grandee noticed at all was a simple bunch of violets. This he stooped to pick up, and kissed in the direction of the fair dame who had thrown it. His two valets raised the more valuable gifts from the dust, while Mazzantini himself never deigned to even glance at the rich jewels scattered at his feet.

"It was a wonderful sight, exciting past belief. I am glad to have seen it, for I learned something, but the one lesson completes the course. I'll see no more bull fights. The orchestra played the music of 'Carmen' as we came out, and I stopped to study the faces of the audience that but a few minutes before were in such extremes of excitement, shouting and hissing when the poor bull, terrified and smarting, tried to save himself instead of showing the proper amount of fight, and I remembered that I, too, at the moment had risen to my feet and rejoiced when a well-planted lance, which I thought was costing the picador his life, as he stood directly in front of the bull's horns, pierced the bull's shoulder just as he lowered his head to strike. Then the marvellous Mazzantini leaped over the head and stood quietly waiting until the now maddened creature turned on him with sufficient ferocity to satisfy the most exacting hisser.

"Nothing can express to you the intense artistic aspect of the performance. One has to see it to understand the science of these superb men. They walk with the dignity that princes are supposed to have in and out of the jaws of death—a leap not any higher or less calm than just enough to keep them this side of eternity. The little scarlet cloak, their only defensive weapon, and with this alone, they lead the infuriated animal to the exact spot where they wish to kill him, and then kill him, not at any haphazard moment to save their own lives, but only at the signal given by the President.

In Paris they do not kill the bull in the arena, but when the signal to kill is given, the matador's personal danger is all the greater for not killing, as he must touch the bull in the vital spot above the head between the shoulders, just as the bull lowers his head to gore him, thus going through the form, after which the bull is taken out by oxen and killed out of sight. Each bull, which is of a very high breed, belongs to some well-known Spanish senor, and is worth a good many hundred dollars. But they say it cannot fight twice, as it must be put an end to; the honor of the family to whom it belongs is at stake by the way it fights.

"A wonderful sight, and always shall it live in my memory how the artistic superseded the human side of it in my eyes. I had to grasp the smelling salts in one hand, for you know how I turn sick at the sight of blood, and to see those poor blindfolded horses raised on the horns of the maddened bulls made me turn faint for the moment, while the next I was fascinated by a wonderful science that turned life into a plaything. The costumes and all the mise en scene are the most picturesque things imaginable. In fact, everything is done to make it endurable. Fierce feelings that I never imagined I had rose up and took possession of me, and I could scarcely realize my own lack of heart. For once and the last time I have seen this relic of a past barbarism, and I am glad to have had the experience."

Fall Strawberries in Oregon.

R. B. Duncan of Salem was feasting yesterday on strawberries that grew and ripened, unprotected, in the open air, says the Statesman. His vines are still in blossom, and he has a few berries in all the stages, some green and others about matured. The ripe ones were delicious and are only another argument in favor of Oregon's climate. Just think of strawberries and Thanksgiving turkies ripening together.—Portland Oregonian.

KOSHER BUTCHERING A FINE ART.

Where Fowls Are Murdered with Neatness and Dispatch

At 10 Gouverneur slip is situated the great Kosher poultry butchering establishment of New York city. Here every fowl consigned to die by the Hebrews must end his earthly career according to the strictest letter of the law. Giddy chickens, silly geese and noisy ducks are herein offered as a daily sacrifice upon the altar of an ancient faith which has for its basis not only the principles of the orthodox Hebrew religion, but those of the purest hygiene as well. Kosher butchering is a science, and the men who do it are as solemnly impressive about it as if it were the most serious business in the world.

At Gouverneur slip, No. 10, there are two tall old men, with patriarchal beards, and the keen, characteristic faces of their race. Their long, sinewy hands never strike a blow amiss. Straight to the line goes the miniature ax. There is never the twitch of a muscle as the breath leaves the body, so swift and so true is their aim. The luckless fowls which fall into these experienced hands never know what has struck them. One quick, bright flash of steel and all is over. The glad life of the barn yard is a thing of the past. The crow of the chanticleer may be heard no more, but in the shabbos pot of the Hebrew housewife, with noodles, dumplings and good things galore, he will surrender his rich juices to the epicurean taste of some prosperous merchant, who would not eat him had he been killed in a less orthodox fashion.

A Press reporter who called at 10 Gouverneur slip—which establishment, by the way, is owned by Mr. Jacob Fleischer—was ushered first down a flight of feathery stairs leading to a cellar. This cellar is a vast empty place floored and walled with thick stone. Upon one side of the wall was placed a line of pegs before which stood the two tall patriarchal old men. Presently a boy appeared carrying two chickens. He gave one to each butcher, who, in the twinkling of an eye, suspended it upon the peg before him. Another instant and two flashing razor-like knives had cut the throats of the two fowls in exact unison. To do this each butcher had pressed his chicken's neck firmly down with his thumb and forefinger, and slit it across so quickly that it was like a sleight-of-hand performance.

When the awful deed was done, these silent butchers or "killers," as they are known to the trade, cooly placed their knives between their teeth, while with another alert motion they adjusted the fowls so that every drop of blood trickled down into a stone trough, from which it was washed out by men who are employed for the purpose. The floor of the entire cellar is carefully washed every day. The utmost attention is paid to cleanliness, and should a sick fowl by any possible accident find its way to 10 Gouverneur slip he will be the foundation of a pile of refuse sooner than you can say Jack Robinson.

The knives used by the "killers" are made of the finest steel and manufactured purely for this purpose. They are a little like razors, but the blade is of uniform width and broad at the end. These instruments are examined daily by the orthodox rabbis, who see that they are properly sharpened. Any unnecessary suffering on the part of the poultry or any other creature is against the law. A broken wing or leg is a sin against the faith.

Rabbi Joseph of Brooklyn, it is claimed, still gets four cents per chicken from a small number of his congregation. It is said that he takes three cents of this and gives the other cent to the "killer." This is a tax levied in genuine orthodox fashion. The Rabbi Joseph only left Russia a year or two ago. For a time the pillars of his synagogue gave up the four cents per head with great willingness, but some of them have come to think that perhaps the tax is a little high. Rabbi Joseph spends a portion of his time examining fowls to see whether or not they are kosher. If he is satisfied with their cleanliness he ties a lead weight about the size of a copper cent to their legs.

Paradoxical—Ethel—"Papa, why did you invite that undertaker here?" Papa—"Whom do you refer to my dear?" Ethel—"That solemn-looking man talking with mamma." Papa—"Why, that's Squibs, the professional humorist."—Epoch.

The boys will soon be men. Teddy—"I'll be a man before you ever will. I feel my whiskers a-sproutin' a'ready." Tommy—"Pshaw! that's nothin'. I bribed two voters when we 'lected me captain of the ball nine".—Munsey's Weekly.

LIFE'S AFTERNOON.

Dear heart then lay your hand in mine,
We'll travel home together;
We've pledged our love in life's rare wine,
We've had some days almost divine,
Some clouds and stormy weather.

When first we joined our eager feet
We sang a sadder chorus;
We scarce took time our hopes to greet,
We rushed our joys in haste to meet,
The world of care before us.

But now, dear heart, your hand in mine,
We'll trudge along together;
We still have drafts of life's rare wine
And yet some days almost divine,
While we have left far, far behind
The clouds and stormy weath

FUN.

Know thyself. If you can't get the requisite information, run for office.—Time.

It is natural that in times of excitement a man's head should spin, for it is the top of his body.—Boston Post.

A Venerable Sinner—Venus—"How steadily the earth jogs along. Mars—Yes, but just look at the moon—full as a goat!—Life.

It Belonged to Him.—Barber (to granger)—Your head is very dirty, sir. Granger—It's none of your darn business if it is.—Epoch.

An Appropriate Name.—Jones—Say, Brown, why do you call your eldest boy Telephone? Browne—Because he never works.—Epoch.

Natural—"This coffee is very muddy this morning." "Yes, dear, but you must remember how upset things are in Brazil."—New York Sun.

One reason why a fat man doesn't catch cold as easily as a lean man, is because he is so much wrapped up in himself.—Burlington Free Press.

She (at the piano)—"Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much! The more you refain the better I like it."—Musical Courier.

Professional beat (to hotel proprietor)—"Is there any danger of fire here?" Proprietor—"Not if you settle for your board in advance."—Boston Herald.

For short—Miss Beacon Hill—"What is your brother's name?" Miss Wabash—"Lucullus Swinburne Hobbs, but we call him 'Cully,' for short."—Puck.

Caught It at Last.—First boy (in surprise)—"Why, I heard you ran off to join a circus. Didn't you catch it?" Second boy—"Not till I got back home."—New York Sun.

Examiner—"Can you give an instance of a person inciting another to perjury?" Candidate—"Yes; when the court asks a female witness how old she is."—Texas Siftings.

Footpad—"Hold up yer hands!" Pedestrian (calmly)—"I have been out shopping all day with my wife." Footpad (sympathetically)—"By Jinks! Here, take this quarter."—New York Weekly.

An Awful Possibility—Aunt Kezian—"Well, Kitty, so you're to be married?" Kitty—"yes, aunt, Providence permitting; but wouldn't it be awful if that dress shouldn't come?"—Time.

Young Wife—"A horrid rat ate one of those lovely canaries my husband got me, and that's why I got a cat." Matron—"Well?" Young wife—"And then the cat ate the other."—Life.

A Little Matter—"My goodness!" said she. "That's hardly worth mentioning," said her spiteful neighbor in her spiteful way. And now they never speak as they pass by.—Somerville Journal.

De Smith—"Hello, Travis! What's everybody crowding out of the drawing-room for? Have refreshments been announced?" Travis—"No, but Bloodgood is getting ready to sing."—Burlington Free Press.

Mrs. Newed—"My dear, what would you think of having mother to dine with us on Thursday?" Mr. Newed—"Oh, I guess I wouldn't; not on Thursday anyway—that's Thanksgiving, you know."—America.

"Do you remember that awfully smart boy you used to have in your office—Johnny Smith?" "Oh, yes. How did he come out?" "He hasn't come out. He got twenty years in Sing Sing."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Life of a Lease—She—"And now that we are engaged, John, dear, how long shall the engagement be for?" He (an absent-minded lawyer who has just drawn up a railroad lease)—"Oh, ninety-nine years, I s'pose."

Lady of the House—"No, I make it a principle never to give away money at the door." Tramp—"Very well, madame, if you have any feeling about it I am perfectly willing that you should hand it to me out of the window."

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Dead Sea and The River Jordan."

TEXT: *"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho."*—Luke x., 30.

David the poet here pictures a volcano, and what Church's Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick vapors intershot with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

God is the only being who can manage a volcano, and again and again has He employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live. In the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, pillared into architectural exquisiteness, was at the foot of a mountain, up the sides of which it ran, with vineyards and villas of merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and arboriculture and rainbowed fountains, and a coliseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a supernal landscape in which the shore gave roses to the sea and the sea gave crystals to the shore, yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen or heard. But the bad morals of the city had shocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets till few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoriæ of that awful doom. The Lord called upon volcanic forces to obliterate that profligate city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science saying one thing, revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and the same. Geology, chemistry, geography, astronomy, ichthyology, ornithology and zoology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is by the same divine hand. Our horseback rids will not be so steep to-day, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we ride shall, if possible, be more thrilling, and by the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Ashaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid these heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. When the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die before they were captured. First the men kissed their families a loving and tearful good-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the dead wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine. Then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery makes the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great butchers, were nearly all born or reared among mountain precipices. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

Pass on from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come along where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most God forsaken region of all the earth. You to whom the word lake has heretofore suggested those bewitchments of beauty, Luzerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a loving God in the bosom of the luxuriant valley, change all your ideas about a lake, and see this sheet of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and Josephus calls Lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and dip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are a commingling of brimstone and pitch, and have six times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt and this lake 26¼ per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the banks of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run up hill. It swallows up the river Jordan and makes no response of thanks, and never reports what it does with the twenty millions cubic feet of water annually received from that sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and pitches them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the name of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to bathe off his illnesses, no sooner pour into this sea than they are poisoned. Not a fish scale swims it. Not an insect walks it. It hates life, and if you attempt to swim there it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy to the surface, as much as to say "we want no life here, but death is our preference, death." Those who attempt to wade into this lake, and submerge themselves, come out almost maddened, as with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyelids swollen with the strange ablution. The sparkle of its waters is not like the sparkle of beauty on other lakes, but a metallic lustre like unto the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, and cranes and wild ducks that fly across—for, contrary to the old belief, birds do safely wing their way over it—and the Arab horses you have been riding, though thirsty enough, will not drink out of this dreadful mixture. A mist hovers over parts of it almost continually, which, though natural evaporation, seems like a wing of doom spread over liquid desolation. It is the risings of abomination. It is an aqueous monster coiled among the hills, or creeping with ripples, and stenchful with nauseating malodors.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these cities had filled up with wickedness. "No, that is absurd," cries some one; "it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that." And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. "Well, now," says some one, wanting to raise a quarrel between science and Revelation, "you have no right to say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region and these characteristics long before these cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was a bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command bursts forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption intershot the dense smoke and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came widespread desolation. The red hot spade of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right; Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down and says, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the regions about the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible, "Moses wrote thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bibles a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there fifteen minutes early, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mouthpieces. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Admæ, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French and American literature steeped in pruriency does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of the earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterraneous fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that foreign loom ever wrought or lapidary ever impearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or social life or political life or in the foundations of the earth from which sprang out the devastations that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for departure. We are off for the Jordon, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation Salaam Aleikoum, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffanism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady, sitting upon her horse, took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch these brigands, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills cut into the shape of cathedrals, with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it is because God loves the church so well, he builds in the solitudes of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine these ecclesiastical piles. And who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is longer, the Hudson rolls amid regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Ilyssus has more classic memories, and the Nile feeds greater populations by its irrigation, but the Jordan is the queen of rivers, and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung like beads with heroics, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river and said, "What is that?" "The Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of the old in a wet gown in the waves and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the seas. Many an explorer has it whelmed and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieut. Colonseaux had copper bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieut. Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beasts that may be near run for the hills, explaining what Jeremiah says, "Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan." No river so often changes its mind, for it turns and twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now on rocks, now of sand, laving the feet of the terebinths and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled major general of the Assyrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an axe head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the axe head as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and in defiance of the law of gravitation the iron axe head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yes, from the bank of this river Elijah took a team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need that a child of God fear anything, for if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord.

I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood or crystal or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the wide open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most burning persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you drive up toward God and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the rail train than broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was here baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not how declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents held me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Somerville and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day and told me that a young man who is now studying for the Gospel ministry would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts I could concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two robes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these were obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

On Jordon's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.

By this time we had reached the middle of the river. As the candidate sank under the floods and rose again under a baptism in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, there rushed through our souls a tide of holy emotion such as we shall not probably feel again until we step into the Jordan that divides earth from heaven. Will those waters be deep? Will those tides be strong? No matter if Jesus steps in with us. Friends on this shore to help us off. Friends on the other shore to see us land. See! They are coming down the hills on the other side to greet us. How well we know their step! How easily we distinguish their voices! From bank to bank we hail them with tears and they hail us with palm branches. They say to us, "Is that you, father?" "Is that you mother?" and we answer by asking, "Is that you, my darling?" How near they seem, and how narrow the stream that divides us!

Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

Emperor William Guyed Them.

I heard of a funny story in connection with the German Emperor's visit to a little Silesian town during the maneuvers, where the Burgomaster took it upon himself to introduce various of the town dignitaries to his Majesty. Fourteen of them were standing in a line and the Mayor commenced as follows:

"Herr Peter Paul Schmidt—His Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg. Herr Heinrich Wilheim Lauerkraut—his Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg." When the Burgomaster proceeded to introduce Herr Leiberwurst, to "his, etc., etc.," the Kaiser interrupted him, laughingly, with the remark: "That will do, Herr Burgomaster; I suppose the gentlemen know who I am. Just mention their names and then there will be some prospect of a little refreshment before nightfall."—*Chicago News.*

IN EVERY person who comes near you look for what is good and strong. Honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves.

ONLY TEN.

"What hundred books are best, think you?" I said,
Addressing one devoted to the pen.
He thought a moment, then he raised his head:
"I hardly know—I've written only ten."

—*John K. Bangs.*

A TINY REBEL.

LOUISE L NDON.

Our little Percy, just graduating from "gathers" into "plaits," is not yet the big boy he hopes to be, nor yet any longer the "baby." Never were ten little fingers more restless than his, when once he could walk, searching and prying and trying all day long; frankly disobedient, but so sweet and simple withal, you felt like begging his pardon for accusing him of wrong-doing. If he came to you bringing the broken fragments of some precious trinket he had been forbidden to touch, he said so earnestly, "Me didn't bake it," with a look of regret, not remorse, it seemed absurd to think that he had really done the harm.

It was this seeming lack of moral sensibility that led his mother to plan and carry out his first severe punishment. I use the words "carry out" advisedly, for the attempt to punish brought to light a number of conflicting elements of character.

It was after one of his wild days that he was to be punished. He had been flying from one forbidden thing to another, as fast as the hours passed, buoyant and merry. A happy-hearted revolutionist in miniature, with no reasect whatever for domestic laws or institutions. It was decided that he must be put to bed, early and alone, for punishment. He was delighted with his four-o'clock tea, cheerily unobservant of the grave faces of his mother and nurse.

Tea over, his mother took him by the hand and was leading him towards the hall, when he asked, with a vague note of alarm in his voice, "Where'd Betty and Trudie?"

"They've not had their supper," his mamma answered, seriously. "You are to go to bed alone, dear; mamma must punish you."

He sat down on the stairs in instant rebellion. His sweet, chubby face was neither sullen nor passionate, but the quiet determination to resist was expressed by his stiff little figure, and his hands folded in his lap.

"Me won't doe up tairs, me won't," he said and said again, triumphantly. But rebellious little boys can be carried, even against their will, so he went up stairs after all.

"Me won't be undessed, me won't" he cried, while his mother was firmly and quickly taking off his clothes, thinking it the wiser way not to notice his protests and soothing him only by her silence and strong touch.

"Me won't doe to bed," he cried out, between his sobs. "Me undess 'oo an' put 'oo to bed, naughty, wicked mamma. Me don't lub 'oo any more, me don't. Me won't tum ober in 'oor bed in de mornin', me won't;" bent on retaliation if rebellion did no good.

"Me won't teep dat night-dess on, if 'oo put it on," he exclaimed, fiercely buffeting the garment with his fists as it surely came down over his head. His ammunition was getting low; his outposts taken one by one in spite of sobs and struggles and many words.

"Me won't tay in de bed if 'oo put me in," he said, as he stood before it. His mother hesitated to command obedience in every detail of the punishment, for the poor little fellow was so utterly reckless that one disobedient act after another would be the inevitable result. His mother's patience was measured by his sturdy obstinacy. Four times she tucked him up in bed, and as many times did he hop out again. Tiring at last, he lay still a few minutes, his mother sitting beside him with her hand on his shoulder. Then he thought of another objection.

"Me won't tay up tairs, me won't," came from under the bedclothes. The end of the battle was approaching, evidently, and this was the place for the principal command.

"Whatever you do up here, Percy," his mother answered, "you may *not* come down stairs again to-night." With that she left him, at once.

As she was wearily going down stairs, he piped up, "Me haven't dot any night-dess on, me haven't." Once more she put it on him and tucked him up in bed, then half submitting and still protesting, the little rebel sobbed, "Me didn't hab nuff supper, me didn't." This was the last shot in the locker, and his mother was only too glad to promise him a bun, "by and bye," she added, for authority's sake.

She waited till all was silent in the nursery, and then went very slowly up stairs. She caught a glimpse of the little prisoner sitting on the top stair, watching for the bun, and then heard little fat, bare feet pounding quickly across the carpet. When she reached the nursery Percy was stowed away in his crib, with eyes shut tight.

The next morning, this dear little disobedient boy went tumbling into his mother's bed, lovingly patting her face, and whispering in her ear, "Dood 'ittle boy to-day, mamma. Put him to bed mate him dood."—*The Homemaker.*

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While, like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows flutter go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep."
And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a loved one there:
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.
Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone,
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

THE WOUNDED HERO.

Look! here's my gun, and here's my sword,
And here (rub-dub!) my drum;
I'll be a soldier by-and-by,
And conquer all who come,
Like Wellington and Blake, you know,
And all our famous men—
Just wait till I grow up a man,
And see what I'll do then!

I'll meet a Turk—a pirate chief—
An Indian with his bow—
I'll wave my sword above my head,
And down I'll strike him—so!
Oh, oh! Oh dear! I've pricked my thumb!
You hid that pin there, Bill!
Oh, mamma, come and tie it up,
I'll bleed to death, I will!

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1890.

Jesus Before Pilate and Herod.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 23: 1-12. Memory verses: 11-12.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.*—Heb. 5: 8.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son's Innocence Affirmed.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Jesus before Pilate, vs. 1-4
2. Jesus sent to Herod, vs. 5-8.
3. Jesus before Herod, vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Then said Pilate to thechief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.*—Luke 23: 4.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 23: 1-12. The Son's innocence affirmed.
T.—Matt. 27: 2-14. Matthew's parallel narrative.
W.—Mark. 15: 1-5. Mark's parallel narrative.
T.—John 18: 28-38. John's parallel narrative.
F.—John 8: 31-47. The sinless Saviour.
S.—Heb. 7: 20-28. The sinless Saviour.
S.—Eph. 5: 1-21. The perfect model.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

I. The Tribunal:

The whole company....brought him before Pilate (1).
They....delivered him up to Pilate the governor (Matt. 27: 2).
Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea (Luke 3: 1).
They lead Jesus....from Caiaphas into the palace (John 18: 28).
Whom ye delivered up, and denied before the face of Pilate (Acts 3: 13).

II. The Charge:

They began to accuse him, saying—(2).
The chief priests accused him of many things (Mark 15: 3).
We found this man perverting our nation (Luke 23: 2).
He stirreth up the people, teaching (Luke 23: 5).
He made himself the Son of God (John 19: 7).

III. The Finding:

Pilate said,....I find no fault in this man (4).
He said, Why, what evil hath he done? (Matt. 27: 23).
I, having examined him,....found no fault (Luke 23: 14).
I have found no cause of death in him (Luke 23: 32).
He....saith unto them, I find no crime in him (John 18: 38).

1. "The whole company of them rose up, and brought him before Pilate." Jesus (1) Delivered up by the Jews; (2) Arraigned before the Gentiles.—(1) Unanimous action; (2) Perverse stupidity; (3) Destructive wickedness.
2. "Saying that he himself is Christ a king." Christ's declarations of kingship (1) As made by himself; (2) As perverted by his enemies.—(1) Jesus the Christ; (2) Jesus the king.
3. "I find no fault in this man." (1) The judge; (2) The prisoner; (3) The witnesses; (4) The testimony; (5) The conclusion.

II. JESUS SENT TO HEROD.

I. Jesus a Resident of Galilee:

He asked whether the man were a Galilean (6).
He withdrew into....Galilee,....and dwelt in....Nazareth (Matt. 2: 22, 23).
Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan (Matt. 3: 12).
This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee (Matt. 21: 11).
What, doth the Christ come out of Galilee? (John 7: 41).

II. Herod the Ruler of Galilee:

He was of Herod's jurisdiction (7).
Herod being tetrarch of Galilee (Luke 3: 1).
Herod....shut up John in prison (Luke 3: 20).
Herod said, John I beheaded: but who is this? (Luke 9: 9).
Go hence: for Herod would fain kill thee (Luke 13: 31).

III. Herod's Pleasure in Seeing Jesus:

He was exceedingly glad:....he hoped to see some miracle (8).
Master, we would see a sign from thee (Matt. 12: 38).
Herod the tetrarch heard the report concerning Jesus (Matt. 14: 1).
A....multitude followed him, because they beheld the signs (John 6: 2).
Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek after wisdom (1 Cor. 1. 22).

1. "Teaching throughout all Judea." Jesus a teacher; (1) His field; (2) His lessons; (3) His influence.
2. "When Herod saw Jesus, he was exceedingly glad." (1) The base ruler; (2) The lordly prisoner; (3) The unhallowed gladness.
3. "He hoped to see some miracle done by him." (1) The miracles of Jesus; (2) The hopes of Herod.—(1) The divine use of miracles; (2) The human desire for miracles.

III. JESUS BEFORE HEROD.

I. The Silent Prisoner:

He questioned him;....but he answered him nothing (9).
Yea, he opened not his mouth (Isa. 53: 7).
He gave him no answer, not even to one word (Matt. 27: 14).
He held his peace, and answered nothing (Mark 14: 61).
Jesus no more answered anything (Mark 15: 5).

II. The Vehement Accusers:

The chief priests and scribes stood, vehemently accusing him (10).
They cried out exceedingly, Crucify him (Mark 15: 14).
They were the more urgent, saying—(Luke 23: 5).
They cried out all together, saying—(Luke 23: 18).
They were instant with loud voices (Luke 23: 23).

III. An Evil Friendship:

Herod and Pilate became friends....that very day (12).
The rulers take counsel together, against the Lord (Psa. 2: 2).
Though hand join in hand, the evil man shall not be unpunished (Prov. 11: 21).
He that maketh many friends doeth it to his own destruction (Prov. 18: 24).
The friendship of the world is enmity with God (Jas. 4: 4).

1. "He answered him nothing." (1) The questioning king; (2) The silent prisoner.
2. "Herod with his soldiers set him at nought." (1) Herod's great opportunity; (2) Herod's glaring injustice; (3) Herod's supreme blunder.
3. "Herod and Pilate became friends with each other that very day." (1) An old grudge; (2) A mollifying act; (3) A new friendship.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE HOLINESS OF JESUS.

From peculiarities of his birth (Luke 1: 35).
He was separate from sinners (Heb. 7: 26).
He did no violence (Isa. 53: 9).
He uttered no deceit (Isa. 53: 9; 1 Pet. 2: 22).
He did no sin (1 Pet. 2: 22; 1 John 3: 5).
He was without sin (Heb. 4: 15; 9: 28).
He was holy (Heb. 7: 26).
He knew no sin (2 Cor. 5: 21).
His holiness attested by John the Baptist (Matt. 3: 14); by Pilate (Luke 23: 4-22); by Herod (Luke 23: 14, 15); by the dying thief (Luke 23: 41); by the Roman centurion (Luke 23: 47); by Peter (Acts 3: 14).
Claimed by himself (Rev. 3: 7).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—There are no events recorded as intervening. Matthew, at this point, tells of the remorse and suicide of Judas, but it is very unlikely that these occurred so early in the day. John (John 18: 28-38) mentions some details not given by Luke.

PLACE.—Our Lord was led from the meeting-place of the sanhedrin to the judgment-hall of Pilate, then to the residence of Herod. Where the sanhedrin met is altogether uncertain. Pilate's "prætorium" (Mark 15: 16) was either in the Castle Antonia, at the north-west corner of the temple, or in the summer palace of Herod (the Great), on the north side of Mount Zion. Those who accept the former view think Herod occupied the palace. The latter view, which is otherwise preferable, leaves the residence of Herod altogether undetermined.

TIME.—Early on Friday (before nine o'clock in the morning). According to the view that our Lord ate the passover at the regular time, this was the 15th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April, 7, A. D. 30.

PERSONS.—Jesus, the sanhedrin, Pilate (the Roman procurator of Judea), the multitude; Herod, the "tetrarch" of Galilee, with his soldiers.

INCIDENTS.—Jesus is led to Pilate, and accused by the Jewish rulers of political crime. Pilate questions him, and then declares that he finds no fault in him. The accusation is renewed, mention being made of Galilee. Pilate, hearing that Jesus is a Galilean, sends him to Herod. Herod is glad, hoping to see a miracle; but Jesus is silent, despite the vehement accusations of the rulers. Herod and his soldiers mock Jesus, array him "in gorgeous apparel," and send him back to Pilate. The two rulers become friends that very day.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matthew 27: 2, 11-14; Mark 15: 2-5; John 18: 28-38. Verses 8-12 are peculiar to Luke.

"PARDON me, sir, but I think you are carrying my umbrella. I could swear to that ivory handle anywhere. If I had not recognized it instantly, I should not have presumed to stop you. That carving was done"— "Spare me the details, please. It is altogether probable that this is your property. I have no particular claim upon it." "Then how did it come to be in your possession?" "It was left in my hall last night by a burglar who got away with most of the family silver." "I—I guess my umbrella was a size larger than that, after all."

First Chicago Man (in a New York Hotel): "You registered from Boston. Why don't you register from Chicago?" Second Chicago Man (an old traveler): "Because I've got tired of having these New York hotel clerks tell me not to blow out the gas."

WHEN the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears; it's best to have a bit o' silence, and out-o' that maybe a psalm'll come by and by.

THE idea that justice is superfluous where love reigns is a worm that has dwelt at the core of many a fair household and many a warm friendship, and has gradually wrought in them decay and bitterness.

BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, upon my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in a rocking chair.

See where the fire-fays skyward spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The petting rains on the window, hark?
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake with its shimmering reed and still!
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say good night,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

Frederick News.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 6.

KILLED BY THIEVES.

A Constable at Tarentum Murdered While Discharging His Duty.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 4.—Constable Harry Mateer, of Tarentum, seventeen miles east of this city, was murdered at that place last night by thieves.

At 8:30 o'clock three thieves broke into the tailoring establishment of Bihl Bros., in Tarentum. They were surprised by the son of one of the proprietors of the store, who gave the alarm and the thieves broke out a side door, each with an armful of clothing, and ran towards the river.

Constable Mateer was notified of the theft and with a party of citizens went in pursuit of the robbers.

At Paterson, a half mile below this city, Officer Mateer boarded the Blairsville express on the West Penn road to look for the thieves and as he walked into the smoking car the thieves, recognizing him, jumped off the train with Mateer after them.

He caught one of the men and struck him with a billy. As he did so the thief shot at him, the ball striking one of his pant buttons and causing a slight flesh wound. Mateer pulled his revolver and shot another of the men, who came up at this moment, and as he did so he was struck by a billy again and rolled into the ditah. The third man came up at this time and shot the prostrate officer, the ball striking at the base of his spinal column, from the effects of which he slowly sank, dying at 10 o'clock.

All this happened inside of a minute. The trainmen and some passengers rushed to the rescue of Mateer, when the murderers ran away. They have not yet been captured. Great excitement prevails in Tarentum and searching parties are out all along the West Penn railroad from Allegheny City to Tarentum in search of the murderers.

Officer Mateer captured Alexander Killian, who was lately convicted of the murder of Mrs. Paul Ruder.

No Chance for Stangley.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Nov. 4.—Being without money and entirely ignored by his family and friends, there is no longer hope for a successful effort to have the case of Oliver W. Stangley, who was recently sentenced here to be hanged for the brutal murder of Mrs. Sybilla Walbert, of Weatherly, brought before the board of pardons for a commutation of sentence. Stangley is a singular being. At times his speech and actions are rational and then again he is found weak in mind. He is a much broken down man, and since his imprisonment, Oct. 12, 1889, his weight has been reduced from about 140 pounds to 92.

Killed While Coming from Work.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Nov. 1.—When the 7 o'clock train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road pulled into the depot at Kingston, the cowcatcher and front of the engine was noticed to be spattered with blood and small fragments of human flesh. A searching party went back along the track and found the body of a man horribly mangled about half a mile from the station. The man was evidently coming from mines, as he was still unwashed and carried a dinner pail. The remains are still unidentified.

Heating Cars by Steam.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.—The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad company are just finishing at their shops in Reading the fitting up of nine of their finest locomotives with apparatus for steam heating passenger cars. The engines are to be used on the Royal Blue line on the Bound Brook division of the road. The passenger coaches of the line are being fitted with the pipes requisite for this style of heating, it being the desire and intention of the company to comply with the popular demand to abolish the car stove

Rev. Humbert Locked Out.

BOWER'S STATION, Pa., Nov. 4.—Rev. D. K. Humbert, of this place, who was recently "locked out" at the Hill church, in which congregation there is a difficulty, has resigned. The Lutheran synod had decided in Rev. Humbert's favor, but he concluded that there should be no further trouble in the congregtion on his account. An election will now be held to fill the vacancy.

A Paper for Teachers.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Nov. 4.—The subcommittee appointed at the recent Teachers' institute has decided to publish a monthly educational journal, to be devoted to the interests of the public school teachers of Bucks county. The first number of the journal will appear in December. An editor will be appointed and the paper will be made a creditable one to all concerned.

A Diphtheria Epidemic Feared.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 1.—Diphtheria has made its appearance here, and it is feared it will spread until the epidemic becomes general. A 16-year-old daughter of B. Frank Geist and a 6-year-old child of Rev. J. H. Umbenden have died. A number of children are critically ill.

Fell Through a Railroad Bridge.

MINERSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 4.—Daniel McMenamin of this place, aged 60 years, was found in the west branch of the Schuylkill river at Coal Castle. It is supposed that he fell through the railroad bridge at that place. His neck was broken by the fall. Mr. McMenamin leaves a widow.

Millions of Pounds of Butter.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Nov. 4.—J. M. Bechtol, general freight agent of the Iowa lines of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, completed a statement which shows that for the year ending Oct. 31, 1890, his road has shipped out of the state 4,505,300 pounds of butter.

A Fatal Collision.

READING, Pa., Nov. 3.—Two freight trains on the Reading railroad came into collision at Royersford yesterday. James Doyle, fireman, of Cressona, was killed. Seven cars were demolished and traffic was delayed several hours.

DAVY JONES' LOCKER

Sixty-eight Souls Sent to the Bottom of the Sea.

SINKING OF THE STEAMER VIZCAYA

Run Down Off Barnegat Light by the Schooner Cornelius Hargraves. Both Vessels Sink—All the Passengers Lost—A Number of the Crew Picked Up by Passing Vessels.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Six short miles off Barnegat, on the Jersey coast, on Thursday evening, was the steamship Vizcaya, on her way to Havana. Near by was an unknown and probably unseen schooner. The night was clear, the moon shining brightly, the sea smooth, the hour half-past 8. Seven minutes later both vessels were at the bottom of the sea, and with them sank eighty-one of their passengers and crews. In those seven minutes a collision and death struggle with the waters had taked place; a scene had occurred which even the dozen survivors cannot give the details of without stopping to make sure that it is not all a terrible dream.

The Ill Fated Passengers.

The entire lot of passengers of the Vizcaya were lost. Their names are:

Senor Juan Pedro, a partner of the firm of J. M. Ceballos & Co., of New York, and one of the owners of the lost steamship. M. A. Calvo, wife and son; M. Purr and two children; Mr. A. Ruiz, Jose Acaibia, Raman Alvarez, Juan F. Hedman, Oscar Islam, Ligui Pellian, and Jose M. Garcia.

Twelve of the crew of seventy-seven were saved from the steamship.

The fate of the crew of the schooner is still unknown.

The first news received of the disaster in this city was when the steamer Humboldt, from Brazil, arrived at her dock in Brooklyn, having on board the twelve survivors of the catastrophe, whom she had picked up at daybreak yesterday morning.

Capt. Black, of the Humboldt, said that at daybreak Friday morning his ship was off Barnegat light. Suddenly from off their port bow came a cry for help. Peering in the direction, through the mist of early morning, the officers of the Humboldt saw three masts sticking out of the water, and clinging to the yards and rigging people were seen. Quickly a boat was lowered and rowed to the unfortunate people. There were twelve of them—all sailors—clinging to the spars and their joy was unspeakable when they were taken into the boat.

The Twelve Survivors.

They all belonged to the steamship Vizcaya, and their names are as follows:

Felipe Hazas, first officer; Gabriel Covas, second officer; Francisco Serro, first engineer; Dr. Andres Rico, surgeon; Sereno Carlos, F. Lopez, Juan Seyjas, Angelo Leon, Jose Mindinna Camerro, Ramon Martinez, Ramon Parez and Parellano, seamen.

The men were chilled to the bone from their exposure to wind and wave, and could hold out but a little longer. They were taken on board the Humboldt, brought to this city and taken at once to the office of J. M. Ceballos & Co., 90 Wall street, the owners of the Vizcaya.

The Lost Steamer.

The Vizcaya was one of the steamers of the Companea Trans-Atlantica, owned by J. M. Cebaolls & Co. She had just been overhauled and this was her first trip after being refitted. She was of 7,388 tons register, 287 feet long, and had accommodations for fifty passengers. She was barkentine rigged. The cargo of the Vizcaya was a general one, comprising lumber, provisions, hardware, furniture, and machinery. The whole cargo was valued at $150,000. The vessel was insured by the owners. She was an iron vessel and formerly plied between New York and mediterranean parts.

The Schooner Cornelius Hargraves.

LEWES, Del., Nov. 1.—The tug Herculus arrived last evening, and reports that it was the schooner Cornelius Hargraves which collided with the steamer Vizcaya off Barnegat. Both vessels stand in fifteen fathoms of water. Ten men from the Hargreave and seven from the Vizcaya were picked up by the schooner Sarah L. Davis and were transferred to the Herculus.

The latter proceeded for the wreck to render assitance, but at midnight met the tug Rattler, which had been to the scene and found both vessels sunk and all hands gone. She picked up the body of a woman supposed to have been the stewardess.

The survivors report that nearly 100 people were clinging to the wreck at one time. The schooner Hargreave was coal loaded from Lewes to Fall River, Mass.

Thirty-six Saved.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The loss of life by the collision on Thursday evening last off Barnegat between the big coal laden schooner Cornelius Hargraves and the Spanish steamship Vizcaya is not as large as at first reported. After the steamship Humboldt rescued the twelve men in the rigging of the sunken craft on Friday morning, two other vessels picked up thirteen more exhausted Spanish sailors. In the list of the saved are the entire crew of the schooner, eleven men, and twenty-five of the Vizcaya's men, including four officers. All of the steamship's sixteen passengers and fifty-two of her crew, a total sixty-eight persons, were lost.

Threw Children in the Creek.

BUFFALO, Nov. 3.—Delia Brown, aged 6, and Nellie Connons, aged 10, were hurled from a bridge by Miss Sarah McMillan at Murder creek, in the town of Akron, and Nellie was killed and Delia badly maimed. The deed was prompted by jealousy and revenge, and the cruel murderess subsequently attempted suicide by drowning, but was rescued.

Harrison Goes Home.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—The president and attorney general left this morning at 10 o'clock for Indianapolis, where they expect to arrive to-morrow morning. They will cast their votes at a convenient time during the day, and the president will leave for Washington in the evening.

Cuba and the McKinley Law.

MADRID, Nov. 1.—Advices by mail from Cuba state that the McKinley act is having a baleful effect there. Many of the smaller tobacco factories have been compelled to close.

OVER SIXTY-TWO MILLIONS.

Official Population of the Several States of the Union.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The census office has announced the population of the United States as follows. These figures may be changed by later and more exact compilations, but such changes will not be material. In 1880, the population was 50,155,783.

State.	Population.	Increase.
Ohio	3,666,719	468,657
Indiana	2,189,030	210,729
Illinois	3,818,536	749,665
Michigan	2,089,702	452,855
Wisconsin	1,683,697	368,300
Minnesota	1,309,017	519,244
Iowa	1,906,729	282,114
Missouri	2,677,080	508,709
North Dakota	187,427	145,516
South Dakota	327,848	229,581
Nebraska	1,056,793	614,391
Kansas	1,423,485	427,389
Maine	661,261	11,325
New Hampshire	375,827	28,836
Vermont	332,205	*81
Massachusetts	2,238,407	450,322
Rhode Island	345,343	68,812
Connecticut	745,861	123,161
New York	5,981,934	899,063
New Jersey	1,441,017	340,251
Pennsylvania	5,248,574	965,683
Delaware	167,871	21,263
Maryland	1,040,431	105,498
District of Columbia	229,796	52,172
Virginia	1,648,911	130,346
West Virginia	760,448	141,991
North Carolina	1,617,340	217,560
South Carolina	1,147,161	151,584
Georgia	1,834,366	292,186
Florida	391,435	120,942
Kentucky	1,855,436	226,746
Tennessee	1,763,723	221,364
Alabama	1,508,073	245,568
Mississippi	1,284,887	153,290
Louisiana	1,116,828	176,882
Texas	2,232,220	640,471
Oklohoma	61,711	61,711
Arkansas	1,125,385	322,883
Montana	131,769	92,619
Wyoming	61,589	39,830
Colorado	419,975	216,648
New Mexico	144,862	25,297
Arizona	59,691	19,251
Utah	206,498	62,555
Nevada	44,327	*17,939
Idaho	84,229	51,619
Washington	349,516	274,440
Oregon	312,493	137,722
California	1,304,902	339,308

*Decrease.

A SERIOUS SMASHUP.

Four Trainmen Killed in a Collision Near Syracuse, N. Y.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 4.—The express train that left New York on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad at 9 o'clock yesterday morning and was due at 5:55 last evening, while descending the steep grade near Rock Cut, three miles from this city, crashed into a coal train standing on a switch and waiting for the track to be cleared for its passage southward.

Both locomotives were completely wrecked, and the baggage and mail cars were crushed to pieces. Of the other cars on the passenger train, four in number, three were thrown from the track, the force of the collision hurling them into a position almost at right angles with the rails. The single Pullman car, which was next to the mail car, kept its place.

Michael Burke, of this city, engineer of the passenger train, and J. W. Doyle, of Great Bend, Pa., engineer on the coal train, were killed outright, with their firemen, Jerry Lee, of this city, and Merton Fernan, of Great Bend. The four men were buried under the wreck. Loyle was dug out by the train hands with the assistance of some of the passengers.

As by a miracle none of the passengers were killed.

Strike to Resist a Reduction.

LYNN, Mass., Nov. 4.—The armature winders of the Thompson-Houston Electric Light Co. have struck to resist a reduction in wages. Fifteen of the sixty men employed in the department left and the others will leave as soon as they have completed their work. The strike is now confined to those winding armatures for railway motors, a department in which the men are thoroughly organized. This is the first strike of importance in the works.

Disasters to Gloucester Shipping.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Nov. 4.—The annual report of the loss of vessels from this port for the year shows that eighteen vessels have been lost, on which there was an insurance of $97,523. The number of lives lost is eighty-six. During the previous year there were fourteen vessels lost, with an insurance of $30,505. The number of lives lost was seventy. Eighty-five per cent. of the men lost were foreigners.

The Extra Session.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—As soon as the president returns from voting he will issue his proclamation calling an extra session of Congress. The date fixed now for the convening is still undetermined, it being either November 11 or 18, most likely the latter. It caused some surprise that the proclamation was not issued before the president went, but he decided to wait until his return.

Express Rates Higher.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The express companies advanced their rates Saturday in accordance with the tariff adopted at Chicago a week ago. The maximum increase is 50 cents a hundred pounds, and the expressmen in this city say that it is simply a restoration of the rates of two years ago.

Struck a Pot of Gold Coins.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 4.—At the old Rupert homestead, just west of Argentine, Kan., John Rupert and James Halloway were excavating for a foundation for a barn, when they struck an iron pot filled with gold coin amounting to about $5,000.

Departure of the Count of Paris.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The Count of Paris and suite sailed for Liverpool on the Servia.

1890 November. 1890

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

CLOTHING : AT : COST.

For the purpose of making certain changes in the organization of our business, and changing the entire line of our stock, as consisted at present, we shall offer our entire stock of

Men's Clothing & Furnishing Goods, Boots & Shoes

from now until December 1st—these goods must be sold.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

Men's Suits reduced to	$3 50,	old price	$6 00
"	4 00	"	6 50
"	4 75	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 00
"	5 75	"	8 00
Men's Fine Black Suits	$5 00	were	$9 00
"	5 75	"	9 50
"	6 00	"	9 75
"	7 50	"	10 00
"	8 50	"	11 00
"	10 00	"	15 00
"	11 00	"	16 00
"	13 50	"	18 00
Men's Overcoats at	$2 25	Old price was	$3 75
"	2 50	"	3 90
"	3 00	"	4 00
"	4 50	"	6 75
"	5 00	"	7 50
"	6 50	"	8 50
"	7 50	"	11 00
"	8 75	"	12 00
D little Boys' Suits,	$1 15	Old price	$2 00
"	1 25	"	2 25
"	1 50	"	2 50
"	2 00	"	3 00
"	2 50	"	3 50
"	3 00	"	4 50
Men's Pants reduced to	$ 50	Old price	$ 90
"	75	"	1 00
"	1 20	"	1 75
"	1 50	"	2 25
"	2 00	"	3 50
"	2 50	"	3 75
"	3 00	"	4 75
"	3 25	"	5 00

Boys' overcoats from $1 00 on up, last year, $5 50
Men's Undershirts and Drawers at 20c apiece.
All Wool Red Undershirt and Drawers, 45c each.

Men's Flannel Overshirt at 62, 75, 90c and $1 00.
Men's Fine Flannel Dress Shirts, 95c, $1, 1 25, 1 50
Men's Heavy Undershirts and Drawers, 45c, old price 60c.
Gent's Fine Neckties, 40 and 43c, were 50 and 75
" " 15, 20 and 25c, were 25 to 35
Men's Overalls from 30c up.

Big Boys' Suits	$2 00	Old price was	$4 00
"	2 75	"	4 00
"	3 25	"	5 00
"	3 75	"	5 50
"	3 90	"	5 75
"	4 00	"	6 00
"	4 50	"	7 00

Boys' Knee Pants, 20 and 25c, were 35 to 50c.
" 35, 40 to 50c, were 50 to 75c.
" 40, 50 to 75c, were 90 to $1.

Men's Boots, $1 65, 1 75, $2, 2 25, 2 50, $3, old price $2 50 to 4 75.
One special lot of Men's Single Coats, 75c, $1, 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 2 50, old prices were nearly double that.
Men's winter caps, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50c, old price 40 to 75c.
Men's gum shoes, 45c, price elsewhere 65 to 75.
Men's working shoes, 1 15, 1 25, price elsewhere, 1 35 to 1 75.
Men's Fine Dress Boots, 2 35 to 2 50, elsewhere 3 00 to 3 50.
Men's Fine Dress Shoes, 1 50, 1 75, elsewhere 2 00 to 2 50;
Men's Fine Shoes, 1 90, 2 25, elsewhere 2 25 to 3 50

We could go on and quote for whole pages like reductions, but have not the space. We intend to convert our entire clothing stock inside of the next 60 days and we propose to save you at least 20 to 30 per cent. in your purchases.

This is not merely a blow to make money but is an actual bona fide reduction of all men's wearing apparel at wholesale cost prices for the purpose of making some radical change in our stock and to commence business on January 1st, or thereabouts, with an entire different line of goods. Remember that our entire stock is nearly all goods purchased this season. In our Dry Goods and Dress Goods we have the most complete stock in the county.

LYON & CO.,

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE.

CLOTHING AT COST.

OVER $30,000 OF CLOTHING AT COST!

Owing to the increase of our Dry Goods business, we are obliged to abandon our Clothing Department and have decided to close out the entire stock.

Everything must be sold. We mean exactly what we say.

Greatest Sacrifice Ever Offered!

JOSEPH'S,

Bellefonte, - - - - Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEG

LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE; BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW.

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY.

1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
3. CHEMISTRY; with an unusually full and thorough course in the Laboratory.
4. CIVIL ENGINEERING; very extensive field practice with best modern instruments.
5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
7. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional.) French, German and English (required.) one or more continued through the entire course.
   MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
9. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
10. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING; theoretical and practical.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE, Constitutional Law and History Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PHYSICS; Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Electricity, etc., a very full course, with extensive Laboratory practice.
14. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Fall term opens September 12, 1888; Winter term, January 3, 1889, Spring term, April 4, 1889. For Catalogue and other information address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Pres't.,
State College, Centre Co., Pa

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults	.25
5	**Dysentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting	.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach	.25
11	**Suppressed or Painful Periods**	.25
12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains	.25

SPECIFICS

16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	**Ophthalmy,** or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
21	**Asthma,** Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	**Ear Discharges,** Impaired Hearing	.50
23	**Scrofula,** Enlarged Glands, Swellings	.50
24	**General Debility,** Physical Weakness	.50
25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	**Sea Sickness,** Sickness from Riding	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility** Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	**Sore Mouth,** Canker	.50
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
31	**Painful Periods,** with Spasm	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00
33	**Epilepsy,** Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	**Diphtheria,** Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	**Chronic Congestions** & Eruptions	.50

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. **Humphreys' Medicine Co.,** 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL CURES PILES.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—**11 Used by all owners of Horses and Cattle.** A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (300 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry—Sent free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

People who never read directions are the first to complain that

Wolff's ACME Blacking

accumulates on the shoes. Shall we say it is useless to appeal to their intelligence, and call them "Habitual Growlers?"

Ask in Drug, Paint and House Furnishing Stores for Pik-Ron, which

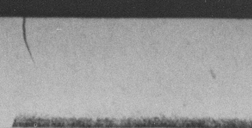
WILL STAIN OLD & NEW FURNITURE
WILL STAIN GLASS AND CHINAWARE
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN YOUR OLD BASKETS
WILL STAIN BABY'S COACH AND

Varnish at the same time.

PIK-RON TRY IT.

A PAINT THAT DYE, STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.



BECKER'S Patent Washing Machine Improved approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easy worked and washes perfectly clean Circulars free. N.C. BAUGHMAN, YORK, Pa.
[Mention The Reporter.]
May15 2m.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

FREE

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from **$3** to **$10** a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box **880**, PORTLAND, MAINE.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 3, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. **DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.**

HENRY ROSSMAN,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

TUSSEYVILLE, PA.

—o—

He keeps in stock a full line of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, Burial Robes, etc., etc.

o——o——o

Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

17jan1y

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED.

TRAVELING AND LOCAL. TO SELL OUR CHOICE NURSERY STOCK. FAST SELLING SPECIALTIES IN HARDY FRUITS, ETC. SPLENDID OUTFIT FREE. STEADY EMPLOYMENT GUARANTEED. YOUR PAY WEEKLY. Write or terms. GERMANIA NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.
&d

KEYSTONE NOTES.

Items of Real Interest Presented in Condensed Form.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS DO AND KNOW.

Gleanings of Importance from All Fields of News, Picked Up Here and There Through the State. Political, Military and All Other Departments.

Incendiaries are making excitement at Erie.

Pottsville will vote on the acceptance of a city charter.

A new five foot vein of coal has been struck near Houtzdale.

Retail liquor dealers at Homestead are fighting the wholesalers.

Daniel Heller dropped dead at a political meeting at Bloomsburg.

Parts of the Hill farm mine are masses of smouldering coal, but it is being worked.

Editor Whetstone, of the Pottsville Miners' Journal, has been arrested for a campaign libel.

Two men named Kamerer, of Washington county, killed ninety-four squirrels in two days.

During the past year there has been an increase of 11,035 pupils in the public schools of the state.

Miss Hannah Epright, of Berwyn, has attended the Teachers' Institute for thirty consecutive years.

John Frankhouser, while hunting on Stone mountain, shot a five-pronged buck that dress 177 pounds.

An unsuccessful attempt was made Sunday night to burn the brewery of Lawrence Knapp, Lancaster.

Robert Washington, a colored man, touched an electric light wire at Braddock, and the shock killed him.

Miss Emma Bertles, of Doylestown, has a chryeanthemum plant with 2,388 buds and flowers by actual count.

Gideon Roth, of Limeport, Lehigh county, has a bible that gives a complete record of his family for over 200 years.

Sparks from an arc electric light set fire to clothing in the dry goods establishment of Williamson & Foster, Lancaster. Loss about $1500.

At a recent Hungarian christening at Tarr, Westmoreland county, 150 pounds of beef, ten gallons of whisky and thirty-five kegs of beer were consumed by the guests.

Mrs. Adam Wuchter, of White Hall, Pa., passed the 218th day of her fast on Sunday, and was in better condition than for several months. She partook of a little orange juice.

Mr. Van Abel, of Allegheny, the confidential clerk of a Pittsburg wholesale drug firm, is missing, and there are rumors that his accounts are short for an amount exceeding $10,000.

The body of Dr. A. B. Cobb, a prominent physician of Dauphin, was found in a race near Rockville. It is supposed that he fell into the water while attempting to cross a small bridge on the way to his home.

Policemen Pitts attempted to preserve order in Jeannette Saturday night, a street fight over politics being in progress, when the crowd, some of whom had a grievance against him, made him their target and fatally wounded him.

John Anderson, a Swedish sailor, who is said to be afflicted with a light type of leprosy, has become the subject of much official and private concern on the part of the city of Chester, and he will be isolated, temporarily, at the county almshouse.

Two men robbed the office of the Wells Fargo Express company in Meadville, Saturday night, of cash, checks and negotiable paper worth about $1,500. The burglars held a pistol to the mouth of C. P. Moore, the company's agent, and bound and gagged him.

Reports of Returned Missionaries.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 1.—At the session of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, returned missionaries from India, Central China, West China, Switzerland, Germany, and Japan were heard. All were of great interest. Bishop Thoburn, from India, one of the best known missionaries from this country, gave an address on his work. The financial report from the ten branches, New England, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Northwestern, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Topeka, and Pacific showed total contributions of the last year to be $220,329.96. A large number of clergymen of Wyoming conference attended the session. A resolution was introduced to establish headquarters farther west.

A Determined Suicide.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 3.—Charles Fischer, a German printer employed on The Frehitz Freund, committed suicide in his bed room, 533 Smithfield street, at 5 o'clock last evening, by hanging himself to a bedpost. The suicide was not only a peculiar one, but a most determined one. Fischer hanged himself to the bedpost of an old fashioned bedstead by tying a yellow silk necktie around his neck, and then, with his knees touching the floor, died an agonizing death by slowly strangling himself. The only cause assigned for the suicide is that Fischer has been drinking heavily of late.

A Jail Breaker Comes to Grief.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 3.—Thomas Henry, who attempted to kill two men at Meshoppen, made a desperate attempt to break jail at Tunkhannock. In some manner he got out of his cell, gained the jail yard, and, making a ladder out of old chairs, ascended the high wall. In leaping from the wall to gain the roadway he broke an arm and leg. He cried with pain and begged the jailers to take him in out of the cold. His wish was complied with.

Regimental Reunion.

MEDIA, Pa., Nov. 3.—The seventh annual reunion of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania regiment was held in Media Saturday. There are upward of 200 members of the Ninety-seventh now living, and of this number 103 participated in the parade.

Pennsylvania's Dividend.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.—The board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad met yesterday and declared a semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent. cash, payable Nov. 29.

ON AMERICAN SOIL.

Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon Land in New York.

GREETED BY GOVERNOR AND MAYOR

The Fugitives Receive a Cordial Reception from Irish Societies. Mr. O'Brien Gives the Details of Their Escape from Ireland—Programme of the Visitors.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., and his wife; Mr. John Dillon, M. P.; Dennis Sullivan, M. P., and his wife, and Timothy Harrington arrived here yesterday on the steamer La Champagne. A reception committee representing the United Irish societies of New York, accompanied by several hundred members of the National League and the various Irish societies, met the steamer. Upon the arrival of the steamer at her dock a reception was held on her deck, and at 11:30 the visitors were driven to the Hoffman house.

The party had scarcely reached the hotel when Governor Hill called upon them. The governor warmly welcomed them to the city and state and expressed his hearty sympathy with the cause they represented and signed his name to the address of welcome that had been prepared by the Irish societies. Mayor Grant also called and expressed sentiments similar to those of the governor and also appended his name to the address of welcome

Story of the Escape.

To the representatives of the press Mr. O Brien related the details of his escape from Ireland as follows: "We delayed our trip as long as there was any chance of our being able to visit America in the interval between the sentence and the appeal. We saw that the government was deliberately eating away that interval, and as soon as that became evident we came away. The plan was simplicity itself. We went out of the front door of a conspicuous house in Dublin without any disguise at all. We drove in a friend's carriage to Dalkoy, supped at the house of Mr. Healy, and that night at midnight we were rowed aboard the yacht which set sail in a gale from Kingstown at once.

"While we were being provisioned just before the start, the coast guard came alongside and questioned Capt. Murphy. Sheriff Clancy, of Dublin, was with us. We escaped detection and sailed for the Welsh coast, where we lay three days becalmed within a pistol shot of the shore, and in full view of the coast guards. Then we were becalmed three days more right in the course of shipping in the channel, and if half of the scrutiny had been given to us that was exercised in searching outbound vessels we would have been detected sure. We reached the French coast on the evening of the seventh day, and went to Paris."

Objects of the Visit.

Mr. O'Brien then read a statement of the objects of the visit of himself and Mr. Dillon, which is made at the desire and upon the authority of Mr. Parnell, and predicted that a general election would occur in Great Britain in less than two years.

After remaining here until after the election, the visitors will hold meetings in Philadelphia, Boston, Newark and Jersey City. They will then hold a series of meetings here and afterward divide into two or three parties and make a tour of the country.

Mr. O'Brien last night gave to the press a circular of 2,000 words, addressed to the American public. It details the condition of the Irish cause and plan of campaign of the Irish party, warmly indorses Mr. Parnell and extolls his leadership and appeals to the American people for financial assistance and moral support.

"The Original Package Dead."

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 1.—The opinion of Judge P. C. Caldwell, of the United States circuit court, in the original package case of H. M. Van Vled, of Iowa, was filed yesterday. It discusses the questions raised and is very lengthy. The court in brief holds that the act of congress and the laws of the states are valid. After citing the act of congress and the state laws, the opinion concludes: "It is not the state laws but the original package that is dead." The judge denied Van Vled's petition for discharge from prison and remanded him to the custody of the state authorities in execution of the sentence imposed upon him.

Fire on a State Farm.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Nov. 4.—The The barns, silo, and cow stables of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment station were burned, and 42 cows, 5 horses and 2 mules were destroyed. Thirteen of the cows were imported, and were worth $800 each. They belonged to breeding associations and individuals. Only 14 cows, 2 bulls and 3 calves were saved. William Gordon, a farm hand, came near losing his life by being suffocated. The loss on the buildings is $15,000; on stock, $16,000; and on farm implements and other contents of the buildings, $5,000. The loss is about half covered by insurance.

Governor Hill Wants a Recount.

ALBANY, Nov. 1.—Governor Hill has sent a letter to Secretary Noble asking for a new census of New York city. In it he notes the difference between the federal census and the municipal census, and says that if all estimates are based upon fair standards of comparison they confirm the general inaccuracy of the count. The question of recount ceases to be local in its nature and involves seriously the rights of the state and perhaps in future the political control of the country.

Fighting Standard Oil.

FINDLAY, O., Nov. 4.—The Manhattan Oil company, the strongest of the independent organizations in this field, boldly challenged the Standard to battle by advancing the price of Buckeye oil from 30 to 32 cents. All the other independent companies followed suit, and the Standard will probably meet the advance and a great oil war is now on. The excitement among producers and operators is already of an absorbing character.

Hegira of Washington Clerks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—In the war, state, navy and treasury and department of justice, 10 per cent. of the clerks, or about 20 per cent. of the male clerks, are absent today, having gone home to vote. In the treasury department alone 750 are absent for that purpose.

A BIG CUT!

)o(

The Knife Put Into Prices!

)o(

Owing to a contemplated change in my business, I offer my entire stock of goods at greatly reduced prices.

—X—

MEN'S SUITS REDUCED FROM $18 00 to $12 00
" " " " $14 00 to $10 00

—X—

Men's Suits at $3 50, 4 00, 5 50, 6 00 and $8 00.
Boys' Suits at $3 00, 3 50, 4 00, 5 00, 5 00, 6 00 and 8 00
Children's Suits for $1 25, 1 50, 1 75, 2 00, 2 50, 3 00, and upwards.

A GENUINE REDUCTION

from 25 to 40 per cent. on our former prices.

Overcoats, Pants, Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Hats, Trunks and Valises at reduced prices.

A call will convince you that what I advertise is true.

SIMON LOEB,

BROCKERHOFF BLOCK, - - BELLEFONTE.

Spring and Summer!

—o—O—o—

Our new stock of goods for the coming seasons has arrived and are open for inspection. It comprises a great variety of novelties in

SPRING : AND : SUMMER : STYLES,

in Dress Goods, Ginghams, etc., all selected with great precision to supply the wants and needs of our customers in quality and lowness of price. A full and complete stock of Clothing, Hats, Shirts, Underwear, etc., is on counters. We invite inspection of our stock, and we are positive that you be satisfied then of the low prices we sell our goods at.

Harper & Kreamer's.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

THE Wells Adjustable DESK RACK,
[PATENTED JULY 21, 1891.]
FOR HOLDING
PAPERS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, Etc.
Adjustable!—The Partitions can be moved instantly to any distance required.
Simple!—Nothing to get out of order—Easy of adjustment.
Strong!—Will hold upright any size of book.
Hanging Attachment!—We make an attachment for hanging the Rack against the wall, thereby forming a shelf.
Sizes!—The following sizes always in stock. Any other length (above 12 inches) to order at proportionate price:
Wells Manufacturing Co.,
MANUFACTURERS,
33 W. Onondaga St., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 11, 1890

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia..... 11 25 am
" " Harrisburg..... 2 30 a m
" " Montandon..... 5 26 a m
" " Williamsport..... 7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore..... 7 55 a m
" " Lock Haven..... 7 58 a m
" " Renovo..... 8 55 a m
" arr at Erie..... 4 05 p m
Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves New York..... 12 15 a m
" " Philadelphia..... 4 30 a m
" " Harrisburg..... 8 10 a m
" " Montandon..... 10 12 a m
" " Williamsport..... 11 10 a m
" arr at Lock Haven..... 12 05 p m
Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves New York..... 6 20 a m
" " Philadelphia..... 8 50 a m
" " Harrisburg..... 12 15a m
" " Montandon..... 2 03 a m
" arr at Williamsport..... 3 05 p m
" " Lock Haven..... 4 15 p m
" " Renovo..... 5 15 p m
" " Kane..... 9 25 p m

FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia..... 11 40 p m
" " Harrisburg..... 3 45 p m
" " Montandon..... 5 54 p m
" " Williamsport..... 7 10 p m
" " Lock Haven..... 8 02 p m
" arr at Renovo..... 9 00 p m

WMSPORT EXP leaves Philadelphia..... 4 25 p m
" " " Harrisburg..... 7 50 p m
" " " Montandon..... 9 34 p m
" arrives at Williamsport..... 10 50 p m
Sunday Train.—Williamsport Express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves Lock Haven..... 7 00 a m
" " " Jersey Shore..... 7 35 a m
" " " Williamsport..... 8 15 a m
" " " Montandon..... 9 17 a m
" " arr at Harrisburg..... 11 30 a m
" " " Philadelphia..... 3 15 p m

DAY EXPRESS leaves Kane..... 6 25 a m
" " Renovo..... 10 15 a m
" " Lock Haven..... 11 10 a m
" " Williamsport..... 12 15 p m
" " Montandon..... 1 14 p m
" arr at Harrisburg..... 3 13 p m
" " Philadelphia..... 6 50 p m

RENOVO AC'N leaves Renovo..... 4 30 p m
" " Lock Haven..... 5 35 p m
" " Williamsport..... 6 40 p m
" " Montandon..... 7 42 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg..... 9 45 p m
" " Philadelphia..... 4 25 a m
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves Erie..... 3 00 p m
" " Renovo..... 10 30 p m
" " Lock Haven..... 11 25 p m
" " Williamsport..... 12 25 a m
" " Montandon..... 1 29 a m
" arr at Harrisburg..... 3 22 a m
" " Philadelphia..... 6 50 a m
Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves Williamsport..... 1 30 a m
" " " Montandon..... 2 30 a m
" " arr at Harrisburg..... 4 30 a m
" " " Philadelphia..... 10 20 a m
Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.					Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 0	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 25
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 29
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 56		7 51	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 59	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 12		8 08	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 16	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 22	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 30	Gregg	6 45		3 13
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45 p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.30 p m, 1.20 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

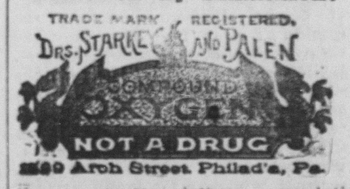
CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't.

SALESMEN WANTED.

LOCAL OR TRAVELING

to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment guaranteed
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
15may2m ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN'S
Treatmen By Inhalation.



For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all *Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

—o—

"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

—o—

Drs. Starkey & Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well known persons, who have tried their treatment.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, Member of Congress, Phila
Rev. Victor L. Codrad, Ed Luth. Observer, Phila
Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter-Ocean, Chicago
W. H. Worthington, Ed. New South, New York.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schnyler, Easton, Pa.
E. L. Wilson, 833 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mex
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C A
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
J. Moore, Sup. Police, Bianforn, Dorsetshire, Eng.
Jacob Ward, Bowral, New South Wales.
And thousands of others in every part of the United States.

—o—

"Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Please mention this paper when you order Com Oxygen.

The REPORTER and the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph one year free to a new subscriber, clubing with a present subscriber. The two papers for $1.50 a year in advance to each. The Chronicle Telegraph is a large 8 page weekly contains all the telegraphic news, full market reports and other choice reading Two papers for the price of one. Send in your name early and make sure of this splendid offer

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

[One of the most popular poems by Hon. George H. Baker, whose death is announced, is his "Dirge for a Soldier" written for General Phil Kearney]:

Close his eyes: his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in soldier night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,—
What, but death bemocking folly!
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he! he cannot know;
Lay him low.

BABBETTE.

She put a shawl over her brown curls and slipped out unobserved into the shadowy night.

One would have thought her a mere child judging from her slight figure and general appearance; but tonight Babbette was eighteen.

They knew it in the great house, but what cared they for the birthday melting into blank night without even a word or token of affection?

The tears dropped off the long lashes and a bitterness settled over the white face—so very white now in the deepening twilight.

Cousins Kate and Clara were in the drawing room entertaining friends, and the soft light came through the drawn curtains of filmy lace with a dreamy radiance suiting well the slow, sleepy music of the guitar some one was playing inside.

The girl pauzed to look in at the cozy enjoyment hungrily. How she loved music; but then she could not sing. No; the musical vein of the Wiltons had failed to throb into her life for some reason.

The big tears hesitating on the dark lashes, plashed down on the crimson shawl, and Babbette turned away with a choking sensation in her throat.

Out across there, though, where the lights twinkle through the trees, lived a dear old friend, the gray haired rector. How many happy hours she had passed in that pretty cottage; the little study with its modest ingrain carpet and softly shaded lamps, with its narrow, green shutters opening out on a long, old-fashioned piazza by day, and closed on the little happy world at night, was a paradise to the lonely girl.

Doubtless the low rocker in its snug corner waited her coming to-night as often before, and they wouldn't miss her in there where the soft, sweet music mellowed the air and floated out on her desolate night.

No, there was no room for her anyway, had she chosen to have remained indoors. Her place must be among those in the dreary ways of life!

But the rector, kind old man, was companionable and a friend. She would step in and have another of those long, serious talks she delighted in. Poor man! He, too, was alone now, with none but the housekeeper to look after him. His wife slept over there in the churchyard, and his son—well! Babbette didn't mind of ever seeing him.

He was away to college somewhere, but the rector had told her that he would be at home shortly. After his coming, of course, Babbette argued, she wouldn't feel as free to occupy the willow rocker at the rectory, for——. Well, she was now 18 and really a child no more, for all Aunt Marie kept her in ankle dresses and long, childish curls.

Tapping at the study door she was admitted by the gray haired clergyman, as usual, who drew the familiar rocker forward, and, pushing his books aside, turned around for the talk he knew was expected to be forthcoming.

"And to-night I am 18," said Babbette, letting the shawl drop from her shoulders with a weary gesture, "and what have I accomplished, or where is the prospective niche for Babbette Wilton?"

A step sounded in the hall. The rector looked up. "It's my son Max," he explained. "He came home yesterday; I didn't tell you, did I? Max!" calling, "here is our little friend whom I have spoken of so often; come in and see her."

"Oh, O my!" and Babbette looked distressed as she rose quickly to go.

"Stay, please!" said the old man, pleadingly. "I do so want you and Max to be friends, too."

At this moment the son came in, and, seeing Babbette, came forward for an introduction. "I am happy to meet you, Miss Wilton," he said, in a clear, sweet tone that thrilled her with its earnestness. "Father has written me so often of you, and your delightful visits which brightened the days otherwise very lonely for him."

Babbette fidgeted with the fringes of her shawl and wondered if college folks noticed short dresses and scuffed shoes, and what they thought of "poor beggars who couldd't appear well."

But the rector's son didn't seem to notice any deficiencies in dress or manner, and talked of her favorite books and authors in an easy, chatty way that made her feel at ease in spite of her misgivings.

"Would you allow me to walk home with you?" asked Max as Babbette rose to go; "it is quite dark."

"I have run across here after nightfall alone quite often," answered she; "but I might fancy myself cowardly for once," and, smiling, she accepted the escort.

"It seems to me that we were never strangers, Miss Wilton," said Max as they walked slowly along under the gloomy cedars. "Father has written me so much about you that I was anxious and glad to get home that I might make your acquaintance personally."

"It isn't much to know me," rejoined Babbetta, wearily. "I am such a cipher, amd such a miserable, no account cipher, too."

"Please don't say such sad things," he said, in a pained way; "try to see the silver lining for yourself; you find it for others. Let us be friends and cheer one another up to grand, good purposes in life."

"I shall be glad," whispered Babbette, clinging to his arm in the darkness.

"Have you heard any news?" asked Uncle Wilton at dinner one day some weeks later.

"No, papa," chorused his daughters. "Pray tell us."

"Well," said he, "the rector's son has fallen heir to a mint of money. By the death of a relative he becomes sole heir to his property, worth about a million or so."

"Oh, my! and he is handsome and a collegiate, too," simpered Kate, who was fast approaching the old maid line.

"We must invite him to our party down the river," put in Clara. "I'll warrant he handles the oars nicely, and, besides, a millionaire at the Wilton's rowing party would be quite the thing; we shall be the envy of our set."

But Babbette didn't join in the conversation; she grew very quiet.

The family knew nothing of the secret, and went on discussing the rector's son and his money, not aware that the girl left her dinner untouched as she crept away to her room to think it all over.

Her cousins had never recognized their young neighbor before, but now, because he was fortunate in a financial sense they were ready to inveigle him into companionship and—matrimony if they could.

That evening Babbette walked slowly up and down under the darkening cedars, alone; she wanted to be alone and the gloomy shadows were fitting the occasion.

But she was not alone; no, some one was coming. "I am so glad to find you, Babbette," said the voice that always thrilled her, "for I have glad news, my little friend."

"I have heard," answered the girl, wearily. "You are a wealthy gentleman now."

"Won't you congratulate me?" he asked. "Aren't you glad for Max?"

"Why should I congratulate?" and her white face was turned to him in the gloaming. "Why should I, when it lifts you up so far away from me."

"Away from you? Why, Babbette, don't you know me better than that? It only brings me nearer to you if—if you will; it gives me liberty to tell you something very dear to my soul. Can't you guess, Babbette—love."

Then he did love her? She opened her lips; but the answer would not come.

"I have thought sometimes that you loved me, dearest; was I mistaken?"

"No," she whispered; "how could I help it?"

"I don't know; I am sure I don't want you to help it," he said, with a low, happy laugh.

"Then you will be my wife, won't you, Babbette?"

"Oh, Max!"

"Why not, if you love me, dearest?"

"I cannot appear well in society and—and I am poor and charity's child."

"Are those all the reasons why you cannot be Max Lawler's wife?" asked he, holding her hands while he waited her answer.

"I believe they are," she said faintly.

"I brush them aside, then, as I should cobwebs," he said, drawing her near him. "Will you marry me, little one?"

"Yes, Max," and the lonely, friendless orphan crept into the arms of the millionaire; he whom she thought shut away by a wall of gold.

At the boating party Max was the lion of the hour; but he disgusted Kate Wilton very much by devoting his attention to little Babbette. "He doesn't know she is as poor as a church mouse, in spite of her good looks," she almost sneered to her companion.

"Why do you ignore the pick of our social circle and take up with that girl?" asked Uncle Wilton, pompously, as he noticed his own daughter's wiles prove futile in ensnaring the young man.

"Because, Uncle Wilton, she is my wife," answered Max, calmly.

If a thunderbolt had at that moment rent the very heavens the surprise and astonishment could not have been greater.

"Do you mean to say that you are in earnest?" gasped Uncle Wilton, recovering from his helpless wonderment.

"I was never more in earnest, uncle. Babbette and I were married this morning at Grace Street Chapel, a few friends being present, while my father was the officiating clergyman. Will you congratulate us, uncle?"—Exchange.

Turf Winnings of Nobility.

The Duke of Portland again heads the list of English winners on the turf during the past year, his gains amounting to $370,000. In 1888 he had about $135,000 to his credit, or altogether $500,000 in the two years. The Duke of Portland's success—which is quite unprecedented—has naturally affected considerably the winnings of other owners. Both the Duke of Westminster and the Marquis of Hardington won over $15,000 the past season, while the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Rosebery, on the contrary, failed to secure a single race. The Prince of Wales won only $1000.

TRAPPISTS IN KENTUCKY.

BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS OF THEIR CONVENTS.

Two Monasteries of the Order in the United States.

The cloister of Trappists to-day existing in Kentucky and known as the "Abbey of Gethsemane," owes its direct origin to the Abbey of Da Meilleraye of the "Departments Loire Inferiure," in France, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The abbot of the latter had made an arrangement with the French Government to lay the foundation for a convent of their Order on property situated on the Island Martinique, and donoted to them by Louis Philippe. After the downfall of his regime the original plan was abandoned in favor of a colony in the United States, which was accomplished in 1848.

The Trappists possess but two monasteries in the United States—the above mentioned, which is the oldest, and one near Dubuque, Ia., a branch of the Abbey of Ireland.

The dominions of the Abbey of Gethsemane comprise about seven hundred acres of land, part of which is cultivated, the other consisting of extensive woodland hills, which furnish the timber for the steam sawmill of the monastery. In the midst of this area are found the settlements of farmers. The monastery itself is reached by following a long avenue, inclosed on each side by a cedar hedge and shaded by a row of magnificent English elms, all of which were grown from one original tree.

Wandering through this delightful avenue's wondrous quiet, interrupted but now and then by the soft rustling of the tree tops and the half-hushed twitter of the birds nestling in their branches, one reaches the porter's lodge, a low brick structure, flanked on either side by two stone walls, which thus separate two worlds from each other.

Emerging from the covered walk of the lodge there spreads before the enchanted eye a delicious corner of landscape-gardening—avenues and walks bordered by cedar hedges and so thickly strewn with shavings that the heaviest footfall is lost unheard. Beautiful pattern-beds and luxuriant greenswards contrast harmoniously with the deep shadows thrown by solemn-looking Benedictine trees—a splendid place for pious recreation and serious contemplation.

Near the end of the grounds we find hedged in an immense family of white rabbits, enjoying their playful sports surrounded by this grand and quiet solemnity.

The Abbey of Gethsemene is a self-sustaining institution, in which the well man is maintained, the sick nursed and the dead buried. The daily occupations are quite varied, resembling those in one of our modern factories, and offer sufficient play for the various grades of intellect.

The Trappist Order subjects its members to all the cloistral vows—eternal and extreme poverty, chastity, industry, silence, separation, penitence and submission.

No Trappist monk is allowed to walk outside the cloister without permission; all tender and sympathetic emotions, which in this life visit the human heart, he is obliged to suppress. The death of his nearest relative is never announced to him. Forgotten by the world, he himself forgets the world.

The American Eagle.

It has been proposed lately to ornament the tip of the flagstaffs used in the regular army of the United States with a representation in metal of the bald eagle, which is the emblem of our republic. The staffs of regimental standards now terminate with a pike. The eagle has already done duty in his way upon the standards of other nations, and particularly upon those of Rome and France. The American eagle, however, is of a different variety from the eagles of France and the one Roman Republic. It is an variety—the "bald," or white-headed eagle.

The ordinary name of the bird is a misnomer. It is not bald, but simply white-headed, the feathers on the head and neck of adult specimens being snowy white.

The honor of first naming this bird as the emblem of the United States belongs to John S. Audubon, the naturalist, whose name will be forever associated with our bird-life. He called the bald eagle the "Washington eagle," because, he said, "Washington was brave, as the eagle is. Like it, too, he was the terror of his enemies, and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soaring of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her great eagle."

The bald eagle, with wings extended or "displayed proper," as it is called in heraldry, was made the emblem of the United States in the year 1785.

Benjamin Franklin did not approve the choice. The bald eagle, he declared, was a very evil-disposed bird, who would not earn an honest living, but got his livelihood by violence, deceit and rapine. He did not consider such a creature a worthy emblem of a people who had valiantly driven out of their country all kingly birds of prey.

Franklin's critical judgment did not prevail. It is true, as he declared, that the bald eagle lives chiefly by violence and theft, swooping down upon the osprey, and snatching from this industrious bird the fish that it has just caught. But the eagle, on occasion, can take fish out of the water with great skill.

The eagle, is, moreover, a bird of dignity as well as of bravery and beauty, and its strong attachment to its home certainly recommends it as an American emblem.

True Courtesy.

It is possible to learn salutary lessons from all kinds of people, in all sorts of places. Anna Dickenson was, years ago, invited to a Chinese reception over the shop of Chi Lung, in San Francisco, and owned that, as a school for good manners, she should not object to such an experience oftener.

The seat on the right hand side of the entrance farthest from the door is the post of honor. To this was I conducted, mounted in state on a high-backed chair and left to my own devices, to behave as well as I knew how—and so fell into disgrace! There came to me a sedate-looking servant, carrying a huge box divided into compartments crowded with nuts and sweetmeats.

What did I do? Looked at it, picked out a half-dozen goodies from the half-dozen sections, put them on the broad, flat arm of the chair that served as a table, and watched the progress of the man and his box to my next neighbor, who, to my amazement took but one sugared drop. The box moved on to one and another and another, and each one helped himself to a solitary sweet, while I gazed with horror at my own pile.

I lost appetite, and watched the sedate servant cross to the left-hand side. Did the first of my celestial hosts take one sweet, and then stop, I should be lost! But no, he gathered a handful to surpass my own, and heaped it on the table beside him.

I breathed again, the more freely as I saw one and all follow his example.

Afterward I learned that had I entertained these people at my table, and had one of them torn a chicken limb from limb with his fingers, he would have done no greater violence to our code of good breeding than I had done to theirs. The question remains whether I should have had the courage to fall foul of my dinner in the same violent manner for the sake of putting my guest at ease.

Washington's Boston Visit.

The hundredth anniversary of Washington's visit to Boston, recently celebrated in the Old South Church, recalls the fact that twice on that occasion he gave the citizens evidence of his punctuality.

An hour was appointed for his reception by a committee of Bostonians at the line between Roxbury and Boston. Punctually at the moment Washington was there, and by some mismanagement was detained two hours waiting the arrival of the committee.

A raw northeast wind was blowing, and Washington's exposure gave him a severe cold. The crowd was large, and so many persons also caught cold that the affection was called "the Washington Influenza."

On his departure for Portsmouth he gave notice that he should depart at eight o'clock in the morning. At the moment he left the house, and as the escort was not ready, he went without them. They followed and overtook him.

Another incident of the visit illustrated Washington's character. John Hancock, who was Governor of the State, took the position that as the representative of the Commonwealth, he should be first visited by the President of the United States. Washington refused to respect this exhibition of state rights, and caused Hancock to be informed that he would not see the President unless he saw him at his lodgings.

On the fourth day after Washington's arrival Hancock went in his coach to the house where Washington was. As he had given out that an attack of gout had caused the delay of the official visit, he appeared wrapped in red baize, and was carried by his servants into the house.

Women's Clubs in New York.

It has been discovered that in addition to Sorosis—which has now become an old story and somewhat prosy—the women of New York have about twenty other full grown clubs, not all of which have a local habitation, but all of which boast a name and a raison d'etre, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia Record. Among these are Wednesday Afternoon Club, composed of severely literary and learned women of the philosophic and blue-stocking order; the Monday Club, whose membership is confined to fashionable ladies who go to church on Sunday and meet the next day to get rid of their superfluous gossip; the Kindly Club, which is composed of women who take a pledge never to speak an evil word of any one, and which is not likely to ever prove popular or powerful; the Alexandra Club, which has a house of its own, and never admits masculine visitors, and of which men suspect much but know nothing; the Sociologic Club, which follows the teachings of Rev. Heber Newton, and with him dives into the unfathomable and soars afier the infinite; the Clio Club, which goes in for classics and delights in mythology, though some of the old gods and goddesses were no better than they should be; the Meridian Club, which always convenes at noon and confines its members to the science of astronomy; the Emma Lazarus Club, for working girls, a most meritorious institution and half a dozen Socialist and Anarchist clubs.

Who shall say, scanning this brief list, that this is not an age of progress or that the once gentle part of creation is in any danger of losing what it called its rights.

The real giant is the man who overcomes himself.

FOOD FOR A ZOO.

WHAT IT TAKES TO FEED THE ANIMALS.

Curious Facts About a London Zoological Garden.

The best all round article in the Quarterly, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is decidedly the account of the consumption of food at the Zoo. Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of our famous gardens, has supplied some interesting facts. "It is rather instructive," says the writer, "to consider that one of the daily items consists of 100 pounds of fresh whiting, while the number of meal worms required for the birds and some other creatures is counted in many thousands daily. The cost of feeding an elephant in captivity in England differs considerably from the cost incurred in India, where it sometimes lives entirely on coarse grass, earning its own food as it wanders about in a watery marsh full of its favorite pasture." The daily provision for a full grown elephant is calculated by Mr. Bartlett at 150 pounds altogether in weight, consisting of hay and straw, roots, rice, bread and biscuit. Elephants are fond of spirits, but the Zoo elephants are Wilfrid Lawsonites.

The food of the hippopotamus is estimated to be about 2 0 pounds a day in weight, and consists chiefly of hay, grass and roots. The daily provender of a giraffe weighs about 50 pounds. It is rather a dainty feeding animal, and prefers clover, chaff, bran and oats, and green food in summer. The lions and tigers obtain eight or nine pounds of meat per diem. This is usually horseflesh, as there is a constant supply of carcasses of horses to be bought at a cheap rate. The following figures represent the sums paid in 1887 for the principal items that constituted the food of the animals:

Horseflesh	£265
Goatflesh	95
Live fish	128
Dead fish	488
Insects, worms	184
Fruits and vegetables	233
Potatoes and roots	70
Eggs	85
Bread and groceries	152
Corn	236
Biscuit	165
Oats	128
Bran	162
Maize and rice	100
Hay	624
Clover	603
Nuts	35
Chaff	30

There are a few articles which are classed as miscellaneous, while the gardens themselves supply several small items, such as the surplus guinea pigs or the young sparrows, which are hatched in nests that the old birds impudently build on the premises. There is scarcely an animal in the gardens that is not ready to catch the live sparrows that audaciously enter their cages. A lion has been seen to seize and swallow an impudent sparrow that was pecking at the bones in his den. As to the jackals and foxes, they make very short work with any bird that has trespassed in their cages, while the monkeys are still more excited when they catch a victim, and, with the inherent cruelty of their race, they usually torture the miserable bird by pulling out its feathers before they bite its head off.

A Wingless Bird.

The Zoological Society of London have just acquired two specimens of the apteryx in addition to the two which have been already exhibited for some months. These birds should be attractive to the visitor for several reasons. In the first place, they are somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of. Fortunately for themselves—for they have no doubt flourished and multiplied on account of this very habit—but, unfortunately for the public, they are nocturnal—the rarity of their appearance will therefore add to their interest when they are seen. In the second place, they are remarkable even among "wingless" birds for the very rudimentary character of their wings, which a life entirely devoted to a nightly hunt after worms has almost improved away altogether; but if the apteryx has no wings worthy the name it has a pair of very stout legs which allow it to hurry over the ground at a very respectable rate, and to defend itself by vigorous kicks. The apteryx only occurs in New Zealand, and it has been said to make its nest in a way which seems very characteristic of its Antipodean habits. Instead of depositing its eggs in a nest and then sitting upon them, the apteryx first buries its eggs and then digs a hole underneath it, in which it remains, and thus sits not upon, but under the nest.

An Elephant's Wonderful Sagacity.

The stories illustrating the sagacity of the elephant are innumerable; but few are more remarkable than the following one, recorded by a writer in a Bombay, India, paper upon the authority of an artillery officer, who was a witness of the incident:—The battering train going to the siege of Seringapatam had to cross the sandy bed of a river that resembles other rivers in the East, which leave during the summer season but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught and abounding in quicksand. It happened that an artilleryman, who was seated on the tumbril of one of the guns, by some accident fell off in such a situation that in a minute or two the hind wheel must have gone over him. The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the predicament in which the man was, instantly, without any warning from its keeper, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Not to ove is not to live.

To wor is the great law of nature.

If you live to die, you will die to live.

The present moment is a powerful deity.

In pursuit of rest men often tire themselves.

The evening of life brings with it its own lamps.

Take things as they are and make the best of them.

Human happiniss is a dreadful hard thing to define.

If you would have a man forget his grief, call him a fool.

The devil has such a long tail that we are always stepping on it.

Be brief in thy discourse, for what is prolix cannot be pleasing.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the devil of free house room.

He grieves more than is necessary who grieves before it is necessary.

The fairest faces are those which we have never too closely scanned.

He is a philosopher who cannot be wrought up to a fretting point.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful and everywhere you are at home.

When a person in the swin is cramped by lack of funds he sinks quickly.

The race isn't always to the swift. Sometimes it is to the pool-sellers.

Use, do not abuse; neither abstinence nor excess ever renders man happy.

A man is not only known by the company he keeps, but by the cigars he gives away.

It is affirmed that fish have the power of influencing one another by sounds and action.

The man who is continually "hitting the bottle" seldom make a hit at anything else.

There is a great deal of bad luck lying around loose in this world, but it is public property.

If your thoughts leave God it will not be long before your hands will be raised against Him.

One of the hardest things to do is to be a good listener. Those who are stone deaf succeed the best.

Parents should be careful in chatising their children and not switch them on to the wrong track.

In a world like this, where there are at least five false things to one that is true, guessing is poor business.

A wise man is never so much alone as when he is in a crowd, and never so much in a crowd as when he is alone.

One of the best things a man can say when he has reasonable doubts as to what he ought to say is to say nothing.

Every time a man laughs heartily, he takes a kink out of the chain that binds him to life, and thus lengthens it.

People who have always been wealthy are simple enough in their manners. The suddenly rich put on a million airs.

It is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The recipe fails when the third generation is a girl.

The average man can be philosophical on two occasions—when he is in liquor and when his neighbor is in trouble.

One of the surest signs of an intelligent civilization is to see among the masses a becoming respect for the aged.

The man who says he is going to get there, and don't you forget it, makes more noise about it than the man who is actually there.

There is nothing like a sick bed for repentance. A man becomes so virtuous that he often repents of sins he never committed.

He who won't believe anything he cannot understand is not as wise as a mule, for they will kick at a thing they don't expect to reach.

When the wife of a real generous man asks him for 20 cents to pay for a new mop, he hands her a quarter and says: "keep the change."

Yet he who means nobleness, though he misses his chosen aim, cannot fail to bring down a precious quarry from the clouds.

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the disease of the body; and philosophers the disease of the mind and heart.

There are men who seem to be born on purpose to step into everything; they can't set a common rat-trap without getting caught in it.

The hardest thing for a man to do is to own that he has made a mistake in his judgment. It is an impeachment of his weak side—his mind.

Do not expect commercial payment for the real benefits you may render mankind Doing good is the great way of enriching character.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.

A noble purpose never leaves a man languid and inert. Its inspiration continues; it quickens the desires and strengthens the power for new efforts.

Painful it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this too, in our life, must we learn to bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated.

The cares, which are the keye of riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly.

The consummation of madness is to do what at the time of doing it, we intend to be afterwards sorry for it; the deliberate and intentional making of work for repentance.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this: For the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.

A LATE CENSUS JOKE.—"The Count of Paris is coming to this country."

"Well, I hope he'll be estimated at his proper worth," said the Chicago man. "The count of Chicago was very badly managed."

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

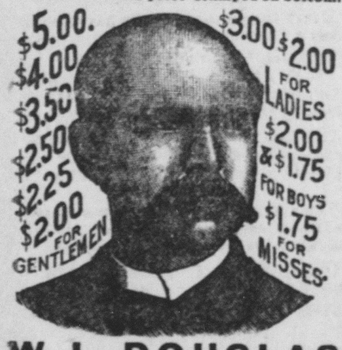
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

For a Disordered Liver
Try BEECHAM'S PILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Send address on postal for valuable information.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PATTERN FREE.

By Special Arrangement with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, the Greatest of all Magazines, we are enabled to make every one of our lady readers a handsome present.

Cut out this slip and inclose it (with a two-cent stamp for return postage, and your name and address) to W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York, and you will receive by return mail a full-size pattern, illustrated and fully described, of this Jacket (worth 25c). It can be made as a perfectly plain jacket, or as illustrated. Cross out with pencil the size desired. Bust, 34, 36, 38, or 40 inches. While Demorest's is not a Fashion Magazine, many suppose it to be because its Fashion Department, like all its other Departments, is so perfect. You really get a dozen Magazines in one, every month, for $2 per year.

-VASELINE-

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline,	10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade,	15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream,	15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice,	10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented,	10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented,	25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline,	25 "
	$1.10

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value.
Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 24 State St., N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

PENSIONS Apply to NEW LAW CLAIMS, Milo B. Stevens & Co.
Attorneys, 1419 F St., Washington, D. C.
Branch Offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

ASTHMA CURED-FREE
A trial package by mail to sufferers. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

FASHION JOURNALS. $10.10 for $3.50.

We now publish our French Fashion Books in English. Special inducements to introduce them. The most practical and elegant ever offered. The lessons on Basting, Boning, Finishing, Keeping Wrinkles Out, Cutting Skirts, etc., can be obtained only in these books, each worth the price of subscription. Send only 25 cents for copy.
DOWELL & Co., 4 W. 14th St., New York

HUMOROUS.

COLD BLOODED.—"She jilted me for that fellow Jim when we were three days out from Liverpool."

"Threw you over overboard in mid-ocean? Barbarous!"

"I DON'T know what to put my boy at," said Bobbs, "He's a promising youngster, very promising." "In that case," said Hobbs, "make a shoemaker or a tailor of him."

HIS LOST UMBRELLA.—"Now, sir," said the Colonel to the Major, "I took no notice of your behavior last evening, considering the state you were in; but are you aware you put your umbrella in my ear?"

"Oh, thank you so much," replied the Major.

"I'd no notion where I'd left it. Would you mind returning it?"

MOTHER: "And do you really feel so very bad, Bobby?" Bobby: Yes, ma, I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little bit too sick to go to school.

Patient—I say doctor, what sort of a lump is this on the back of my neck? Doctor—It is nothing serious, but I would advise you, nevertheless, to keep your eye on it.

THEY BITE, TOO.—"Why did you go down to that low toned place to lodge?"

"Low toned? Why, man, I want you to understand that there are lots of big bugs there."

WHERE TO HANG THE MOTTO. Minister—Here is a motto I want the eyes of my congregation to dwell upon until its words are engraved upon the tablets of the people's memory. Shall I hang it here in the center of the pulpit?

Minister's wife—Oh, no! Hang it over yonder in the corner right side of the clock.

SUB-DIVIDED AFFECTIONS.—Helen—Here, Jack, is a red rose for you, that means my best love, you know.

Jack—You darling! Do I get that flower in your other hand, too?

Helen—No. That's for Tom, my other adorer. It is myrtle, and means constancy and fidelity.

MUCH IN A NAME.—City Boarder "Why, I don't see anything around here but sand and marsh. I though the name of your place was Forestville."

Farmer Frogpond—"Ye-sir, yessir. I named it after the great tragedian Edwin Forrest."

IT WOULD NOT SUIT.—"Now, madam," said the gentlemanly clerk, "this carpet can't be beat."

"Then I don't want it," replied the shopper. "I always take up my carpets in the spring and beat them."

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free: all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street New York.

—The art of veneering was known to the Egyptians more than 3000 years ago. The sculptures of Thebes are said to illustrate the process.

Life is misery to thousands of people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who try it.

—The Chinese have a saying that an unluckly word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of *putrid fat*. Dobbins' Electric Soap is *pure*, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1865. Try it *now*.

—A fat men's club, containing 119 members, and representing an aggregate weight of 24,000 pounds, flourishes in Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

—The chief supply of cloves is obtained from the Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba; where the clove tree was introduced in 1830.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

—Hollyhocks, single and double formed the chief feature of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society's show in Boston.

"WOMAN, HER DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT." A valuable illustrated book of seventy-two pages sent free, on receipt of 10 cents, to cover cost of mailing, etc, Address, P. O. Box 1066, Philadelphia, Pa.

—In Rome males wore back for mourning, while the women indicated their grief by wearing white garments.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

—A New Jersey peach grower went into his orchard this year and found but half a dozen peaches on 1,700 trees.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

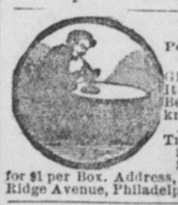
—A mountain side makes the best pasture for young cows, because climbing tends to strengthen the calves.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

"Well! Well!"

That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

Can you ask more?



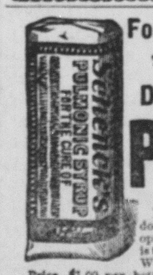
ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific
Gives immediate relief. It is believed to be the Best ASTHMA Remedy known to humanity.
As evidence we give a Trial Package FREE.
Sold by Druggists.
Sent by mail, postpaid, for $1 per Box. Address, THOS. POPHAM 2091 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia.

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. *Avoid substitutions offered.*



For Coughs and Colds
There is no Medicine like
DR. SCHENCK'S
PULMONIC SYRUP.

It is pleasant to the taste and does not contain a particle of opium or anything injurious. It is the Best Cough Medicine in the World. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption and its Cure, mailed free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

PATENTS Inventor's Guide, or How to Obtain a Patent. Sent Free.
Patrick O'Farrell, Attorney at Law, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Manufactured only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

PATENTS! Instructions free to Inventors. Write at once for hand-book of information. J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous Success.
Insane Persons Restored.
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc. thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.—Mrs. Peterby—I am afraid that our son Johnny is getting into bad habits.

Judge Peterby—He may turn out to be a great man nevertheless. Some of the greatest men who ever lived had bad habits

But he does not show any other sign of being a great man.

Well, you can't expect everything from him.

"IF you'll go to work I'll give you something to eat," said the kind-hearted woman. "I can't follow my profession unless you do," returned the tramp, "for I am an after-dinner speaker."

WHY SHE LOVED BOSTON.—"I do so love Boston said the little girl.

"It's my own dear natatorium."

"Your natatorium?"

"Yes; it's my birthplace, you know."

Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent anywhere on receipt of 50cts. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harmless in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of $1 per bottle. Adeler & Co. 522 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo.

Do You Ever Speculate?

Any person sending us their name and address will receive information that will lead to a fortune. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent. First Mortgages on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent. the next few years under our plan. $25 cash and $5 per month without interest controls a desirable lot. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

—Fright caused a young lady in Madison, Ind., to scream so loudly, and open her mouth to such an extent, that she dislocated her jaw.

No Poison Calomel

or other injurious mineral enters into the composition of St. Bernard Vegetable Pills. Their claim to cure all diseases is based upon their admitted power to promote digestion, nutrition and excretion, purify the blood and restore impaired vitality and stimulate the healthy action of the liver, kidneys, skin, bowels and lungs, the derangement of which is the cause of all diseases, or nearly all. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pill will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address, St. Bernard, Box 2416 New York.

—The Chicago Drovers Journal observes that southern cities are showing up well in the annual statements of trade and commerce.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

—A house in Georgetown, D. C., has just been shingled for the first time since 1803, and the carpenter says he has found sawed shingles that had been laid within ten years in much worse condition than the shaved pine shingles which had been in wear eighty-seven years.

WHY THEY BECAME HONEST.—The other morning as a farmer was coming into the city by way of the Grand River Road a bag of oats slid off his load unnoticed. A citizen stood at his gate and witnessed the occurrence without saying a word. When he thought it safe to do so he ran out to secure the bag, but as he reached it a second man came up.

"I saw it first," said or

"No, you didn't!"

"I did!"

"You didn't!"

"Say, you!" both called in chorus to the farmer, and as he turned about each man went his way. As there was likely to be a fuss as to who should profit by the find they decided to beat each other by being honest.

Life is Misery

To thousands of people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. We know that it has cured the severest cases and it will benefit all who give it a trial.

"Scrofula bunches in my neck disappeared when I took Hood's Sarsaparilla." A. E. KELLEY, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief Price 50 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass. ASTHMA.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

How To Make Money
—WITH—
A FEW HENS

Is the motto and teachings of the *Best Poultry Paper* published. *It Costs Only* 50 cts. a year; six months 25 cts. Cash or stamps. Sample free. Address FARM-POULTRY, Box 3118, Boston, Mass.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

IF YOU CAN'T GET IT NEAR HOME, SEND TO US.

It is Absolutely Pure. Highly Concentrated. Most Economical, because such small doses. Strictly a Medicine. Not a Food. You can buy or raise Food as cheap as we can. Prevents and Cures all diseases of Poultry. Worth more than gold when hens are Moulting. "One large can saved me $40, send six more to prevent romp this winter," says a customer. For sale by druggists, grocers, general store and feed-dealers. No other remedy like it. We will send postpaid by mail as follows—A new elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents. Contains a daily poultry account worth the price), and two small packages of Powder for 40 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can for $1.20 (regular price) and Guide free. Sample pack., 25c., five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, $5.00. Send stamps or cash. In quantity costs less than one-tenth cent a day per hen. Testimonials sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

"DUNCH" says
ught to be done?—
—Ought stands for nothing.
The house ought to be cleaned
with *Sapolio*. Try a cake in your
next house-cleaning and be convinced.

"IGNORANCE of the law excuses no man," and ignorance is no excuse for a dirty house or greasy kitchen. Better clean them in the old way than not at all; but the modern and sensible way is to use SAPOLIO on paint, on floors, on windows, on pots and pans, and even on statuary. To be ignorant of the uses of SAPOLIO is to be behind the age.

"No other Weekly Paper gives such a Variety of Entertaining and Instructive Reading at so low a price."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

SPECIMEN COPIES AND FULL ANNOUNCEMENT WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATIO

Illustrated Serial Stories.

The Serial Stories engaged for the year will be of unusual interest and Finely Illustrated

Through Thick and Thin; by Molly Elliot Seawell.
Nepigo; by C. A. Stephens. Kent Hampden; by Rebecca Harding Davis.
Suleika; by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. The Heygood Tea Service; by Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

Army Life and Adventure.

A Phenomenal Scout; by Gen. O. O. Howard.
Reading Indian "Sign;" by Gen. John Gibbon.
Hunting Large Game; by Gen. John R. Brooke.
In Big Horn Canon; by Gen. James S. Brisbin.

Naval Life and Adventure.

Adventures of a Middy; Admiral David D. Porter.
Powder Monkeys; by Admiral S. B. Luce.
A Chat about Samoa; by Admiral L. A. Kimberly.
Overland in a Man-of-War; Admiral J. H. Gillis

Latest Discoveries in Science.

This Series of Papers explains in a simple manner the recent researches of the greatest Specialists in Science.

The Stars; by J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S.
The Moon; by Prof. E. S. Holden. The Earth; by Prof. N. S. Shaler.
The Ocean; by Camille Flammarion. The Sun; by Prof. C. A. Young.

College Athletic Sports.

By Harvard, Princeton and Yale Captains.
College Boat-racing; by R. W. Herrick.
Foot-Ball at Princeton; by E. A. Poe.
Base-Ball: Matches Lost and Won; by A. A. Stagg.

How to Choose a College.

Four Articles of great value to any young man considering a College Education; by
Pres. Seth Low. Hon. Andrew D. White.
Prof. Goldwin Smith. Pres. Merrill E. Gates.

Important Articles.

The Success at the Bar of Famous Lawyers; by Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England.
Incidents in the Lives of Famous Surgeons; by Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D.
Railway Stories by Railway Men; by Prominent Railroad Officials.
Jules Verne's Boyhood, telling how he became a Story Writer; by Jules Verne.
Among the Highland Peasantry; by The Marquis of Lorne. Illus. by The Princess Louise.

The Girl with a Taste for Music. Thrown on Her Own Resources.

How can She make the most of Her Voice?
A remarkable series of papers written expressly for THE COMPANION by the following famous singers:
Madame Albani. Miss Marie Van Zandt.
Miss Emma Juch. Miss Emma Nevada.
Madame Lillian Nordica.

What can a Girl of Sixteen do?
A Series of Four practical and helpful Articles, which will prove suggestive and valuable to any girl; by
Amelia E. Barr. "Jenny June."
Mary A. Livermore. "Marion Harland."
And other Favorite Writers.

Weekly Editorials on Current Events at home and abroad. A Charming Children's Page Every Week. Household Articles will be published frequently, giving useful information in the various departments of home life,—Art Work, Fancy Work, Embroidery, the Decoration of Rooms, the Care of Plants, Cooking, and Hints on Housekeeping.

THIS SLIP

FREE TO JAN., 1891.

To any New Subscriber who will cut out and send us this slip, with name and Post-Office address and $1.75, we will send The Youth's Companion FREE to January 1, 1891, and for a Full Year from that Date. This offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS. *Send Check, Post-office Order, or Registered Letter.* 45

WITH $1.75

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Comes Every Week.—Finely Illustrated.—Read in 450,000 Families.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 6.

ONLY 18 MONTHS OLD.

"The Racket" is today the most popular store in Bellefonte among all classes of people. There is a reason for this. The crowds that visit us daily are increasing. Bargains in fine Dress Goods and Trimmings, Notions, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Shoes, etc., arrive daily and are carried away in great bundles by our customers. You may just as well have your share of the Kuriosities.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

It made him sick when the returns came announcing Pattison's election.

——Hardman Philips advertises for a blacksmith.

——For the biggest cut, read S. Loebe's advertisement.

——For fruit trees from a nursery that will not impose upon you—read ad. of W. P. Fisher.

—The Centre Hall Nimrods came home without having had any use for their ramrods.

— Last Friday morning we had a sharp and biting frost, one that would call out an overcoat.

— Daniel Brumgard's farm in Miles township was purchased a few days ago by Mrs. Kreider.

——Election morning started in white with snow, depth about ½ an inch—Some fellows may go up salt river on snow-shoes.

——Communion services in the Lutheran church, of this place, next Sabbath forenoon, preparatory service Saturday at 2 p. m.

——The Presbyterian Aid Society will hold a sociable this evening at Rev. Baskerville's home, to which all are cordially invited.

——Mr. W. A Wagner, of Centre Hall, has accepted the position as clerk at the office of Hoover, Hughes & Co's. planing mill Philipsburg.

——Mr. Weaver, at Oak Hall, is changing his mill siding to the lower end of the dam, and also contemplates moving his mill from its old location to a new and more suitable spot.

——Our esteemed friend, Lafayette Neff is dead set against high tariff taxes and Canada thistles. There is just where every farmer should be who understands his interests.

— Big stock of new suits, for spring at Lewins, head quarters for low prices and genuine goods—no shoddy or auction stock. The Philadelphia Branch aways leads.

——Benjamin Kersteter, an old and much esteemed resident of Penn township, died on Monday 27 Oct. He has suffered from consumption for quite a period, and the disease has ended his life. He was a man of irreproachable character, upright, and a consistent church member. His age was about 65 years.

——The application for the pardon of Fietta Weaver, will be brought before the pardon board in a few days, in the shape of petitions, letters from many prominent citizens in the county, and from the court and jury which tried and convicted her. We are gratified to know that the labors of the REPORTER towards this end, are likely to be successful.

——James Noll, of Pleasant Gap, a law student in Orvis' office, was badly hurt on Monday evening, in attempting to stop a run-away horse of a Mr. Kline, that came dashing into Bellefonte. Young Noll was on Bishop street, as the animal came along and unwisely tried to stop it, and was knocked down, sustaing a fracture of the scull and a broken leg. It was dark at the time and the frightened horse took the pavement for two squares on High street; fortunately no one was walking that way, otherwise there might have been more accidents. The horse had left the buggy behind before getting into Bellefonte.

OFFICIAL VOTE IN CENTRE COUNTY, NOV. 4, 1890.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	State Treasurer, 1889.		Governor.		Congress.		Senate.		Assembly.				Sheriff.		Treasurer.		Recorder.		Register.		Commissioners.			
	Bigler D.	Boyer R.	Pattison D.	Delamater R.	Kribbs D.	Oyster R.	Meek D.	Malone R.	McCorkhick D.	Holt D.	Mattern R.	Fryberger R.	Ishler D.	Wolf R.	Gramley D.	Tyson R.	Morrison D.	Harter R.	Rupp D.	Fisher R.	Adams D.	Goodhart D.	Kunes R.	Strohm R.
Bellefonte, North ward	130	209	171	188	142	217	185	180	134	145	205	206	168	195	141	222	137	220	169	195	138	143	191	226
Bellefonte, South ward	190	117	224	109	212	121	222	109	203	200	125	119	204	122	197	138	189	147	224	111	189	200	116	155
Bellefonte, West ward	61	77	88	70	77	81	118	40	76	76	78	77	75	82	76	80	75	85	80	77	74	75	78	82
Centre Hall borough	74	21	82	25	80	27	80	27	80	81	27	27	80	28	80	28	74	34	81	26	75	80	19	29
Howard borough	40	83	49	89	47	89	51	82	46	50	73	86	50	89	47	70	51	87	47	89	46	46	88	88
Milesburg borough	33	84	40	91	40	98	41	45	36	38	98	97	41	92	40	98	39	98	42	96	37	39	95	101
Millheim borough	103	36	128	41	127	45	129	43	127	125	45	46	129	44	119	53	56	117	133	39	126	127	43	44
Unionville borough	25	47	26	52	28	55	28	53	24	23	54	53	28	99	26	52	24	54	23	54	24	24	53	53
Philipsburg boro, First ward	61	90	75	103	68	111	71	109	62	55	111	139	42	142	46	142	85	97	65	116	68	70	110	112
Philipsburg boro, Second ward	99	76	132	127	119	139	125	134	114	110	137	155	71	188	84	175	158	104	120	140	121	136	140	136
Philipsburg boro, Third ward	65	81	90	107	78	115	82	111	74	75	115	125	40	155	57	142	98	98	78	116	76	78	116	117
Benner township	136	78	171	64	158	83	165	76	159	155	81	85	155	78	158	82	158	81	165	76	152	157	79	88
Boggs township, West P	98	90	127	122	127	122	135	116	128	131	122	119	130	132	129	121	127	125	129	122	141	124	117	119
Boggs township, North P	23	42	34	37	29	40	29	40	24	29	40	40	29	40	35	35	29	40	29	40	27	30	39	38
Boggs township, East P	60	59	60	51	60	52	61	52	60	61	52	24	56	59	62	51	67	48	60	52	62	58	52	53
Burnside township	26	47	41	48	35	54	38	51	35	42	38	40	63	23	35	54	38	40	35	54	35	35	52	54
College township, West P	40	49	47	60	48	60	58	50	59	51	51	91	41	69	48	60	44	44	61	45	48	50	55	60
College township, East P	97	126	114	145	103	155	10:	153	110	100	151	151	108	148	99	155	95	164	126	133		99	135	157
Curtin township	45	37	64	23	63	24	66	21	63	62	24	25	61	28	63	24	63	24	63	24	63	62	13	25
Ferguson township, East P	156	66	172	60	165	65	164	68	175	158	63	69	165	68	160	67	164	70	166	68	165	169	48	67
Ferguson township, West P	53	73	67	74	63	84	63	84	66	64	82	80	67	81	62	84	62	85	61	87	62	66	55	85
Gregg township, North P	87	3	83	3	84	2	84	2	84	82	1	3	83	3	84	2	84	2	84	2	84	78	3	2
Gregg township, South P	229	71	267	68	263	76	260	76	260	255	69	81	261	78	256	83	247	92	266	74	258	273	42	78
Half Moon township	34	80	54	78	42	94	51	85	41	40	98	92	49	86	55	79	50	77	32	106	39	52	74	96
Haines township, East P	96	29	116	31	113	36	113	36	112	113	36	36	118	30	114	35	111	37	113	35	114	111	30	37
Haines township, West P	110	76	132	76	132	76	131	76	131	131	76	76	131	77	133	75	114	93	134	70	130	131	74	77
Harris township	122	66	146	61	143	41	143	67	142	131	66	70	124	73	131	77	136	74	156	53	134	1:2	61	74
Howard township	82	91	95	99	91	98	100	91	93	95	99	99	90	102	87	100	98	95	93	100	88	92	96	94
Huston township	46	72	70	82	65	87	71	82	64	54	105	86	62	91	60	90	79	76	66	89	68	65	89	87
Liberty township	50	111	87	151	94	152	72	150	92	93	154	155	91	159	99	150	99	150	93	155	79	80	164	120
Marion township	98	38	97	38	92	43	92	42	90	92	45	44	84	60	88	43	86	49	94	41	80	85	55	42
Miles township	259	53	293	60	291	62	289	63	289	291	63	62	286	66	275	71	280	73	292	61	290	288	61	67
Patton township	67	103	98	90	84	104	155	53	85	60	159	89	78	105	85	101	95	93	87	101	83	85	100	104
Penn township	177	27	204	33	203	36	203	35	202	204	34	35	197	38	197	37	185	54	204	34	203	200	34	36
Potter township, North P	101	29	121	31	114	38	114	38	116	119	34	33	115	37	110	40	112	40	116	36	112	121	29	44
Potter township, South P	171	54	203	69	206	62	205	62	201	201	63	65	202	64	203	64	198	70	208	60	184	203	19	89
Rush township, North P	122	82	150	81	140	95	154	80	130	126	97	106	99	144	117	119	103	70	139	96	140	140	92	96
Rush township, South P	48	13	84	26	85	24	98	16	85	79	23	33	79	34	86	28	90	15	86	28	85	86	28	39
Show Shoe twp. East P	105	98	133	108	120	122	146	97	119	135	116	107	124	119	119	123	121	122	119	122	118	110	126	122
Show Shoe twp. North P	43	48	68	34	63	40	71	32	63	73	29	40	62	37	62	41	64	39	63	40	64	65	35	40
Spring township, West P	76	65	98	61	92	67	108	63	92	89	70	63	80	83	92	64	93	66	95	66	89	93	66	68
Spring township, North P	59	73	90	77	78	88	95	72	54	71	84	88	67	96	72	93	78	86	79	86	77	75	86	94
Spring township, South P	129	90	146	98	138	107	149	99	133	139	116	100	127	114	139	103	137	112	149	101	133	128	110	111
Taylor township	29	43	48	52	45	56	53	48	46	44	36	36	37	64	46	55	62	38	0	61	43	46	55	57
Union township	70	98	82	95	76	105	78	103	78	76	103	104	80	100	78	102	77	103	73	109	79	77	102	105
Walker township	173	97	198	90	189	98	188	98	162	188	90	95	185	98	194	94	199	89	188		190	189	92	98
Worth township	53	66	65	91	60	96	62	94	60	58	97	96	63	92	60	96	129	29	53	103	60	60	96	96
Total vote	4241	3263	5239	3461	4975	3765	5361	3326	4922	4884	3761	3776	4766	3959	4809	3890	5039	3733	5063	3706	4862	4933	3499	3748
Pluralities	978		1778		1210		2035		1161	1118			807		949		1306		1357		1363	1185		249

Fiedlea after hearing the majorities of commissioner Adams and Sheriff Ishler.

Law Relating to Trespassing.

Gunners and hunters are already tramping through the rural districts in quest of game, such as turtle doves, robins, flichers, rabbits, etc. They go over the fields, break down fences, and when opportunity offers, shoot down chickens and bag them. Some persons think that sign-boards forbidding hunting, fishing or trespassing upon private lands and cautionary notices in newspapers, are of little account, and that they may be disregarded with impunity, says the Allentown *Democrat*. This is a mistake, as the law makes it an act of trespass to go upon cultivated or enclosed land for any purpose without permission, (even if there is no sign board,) and the owner is entitled to recover actual damages for such trespass. Where the sign-boards are properly erected any person who trespasses upon land so guarded is liable not only to pay the damages, but also a penalty not exceeding $25. If however, the owner wishes to avail himself of the provisions of the law he must make his sign-board comply with its requirements. There must be at least one sign-board, not less than a foot square, to every fifty acres of land, upon the farm lines, upon the shores or banks of the lake stream or pond; which it is intended to protect, or in a conspicuous place upon the grounds that are to be thus protected. Any person who defaces, injures or destroys such a sign is guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to a penalty of $25. Last fall a case of trespass of this kind was tried before the Montgomery county court, and for the benefit of hunters in this section, and as a matter of interest to farmers, we here give the charge of the Judge to the jury: "No man has the right to go upon the premises of another, whether for gunning or for other purposes, without the consent of the owner, and every person so doing is a trespasser. Although it is customary for persons to enter upon the grounds of others for the purpose of fishing, nutting and gunning, yet they have no right to do it without the consent of the owner. Being a trespasser he must get off the premises, if directed, and must not stand upon his going. He must move on as fast as he can, but he need not run. If he refuses to go the owner can use as much force as it necessary to put him off, even if it results in the death of the offender, but you dare not use more force than is absolutely necessary."

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——What is nicer than a genteel, neat fitting overcoat. Lewins at the Philad. Branch will guarantee satisfaction in this direction.

——The Philad. Branch is thoroughly reliable, and Lewins has in stock a line of clothing that leads in quality and low prices. Satisfaction always given.

That Prehistoric Fort.

A dispatch from Altoona says: A party headed by J. W. Scott, the well-known geologist, has just returned from a trip to Rush township, Centre county to see the famous prehistoric fortifications supposed to exist there. The excursionists report a find far beyond their expectations.

Sayer Ridge is about a mile in length. The west side is guarded by the deep valley of the Moshannon creek. The north end is flanked by Mountain branch and the south end protected by Pine run, while the front of the fortified position looks out over a broad white oak flat. In it lies the old fortification. It was mentioned in the notes of Daniel Turner, who surveyed that country in 1793. From that date it was not known until 1866, when the old ruins were discovered by J. W. Scott while making a geological survey of the Mosbannon region in Centre county.

On the north point, after wading through a wilderness of briars, the party found what is called Picket Rock, Eastward, or rather to the south, they came upon a series of ill-looking walls of rock Searching near the centre of this immense line of fortifications, the party came to the main parapet, with its embrasures and all the fixtures that constitute a modern fortress.

In front were found altars built of stone. These were simply gigantic and equaled only by the big rocks in the main line of works: The fortress is made of Mahoning sandstone, and it must have been constructed thousands of years ago. It is a fiend for the archeaologists, and when its inner mysteries are brought to light, perhaps much may be added to the meager information now possessed in regard to the prehistoric races of America.

The trip has other interesting features. Panther Den, about two miles from the fortress, is a place of unusual interest. Bears, panthers, wild cats and foxes occupy the den, or cave, in common. The great "natural lick" is just below the right flank of the ridge, and the ruins of the old cabin of Dan Turner may be seen at the north end of the hill. It is adorned with wild roses and rhododendrons planted in the wilderness by Mrs. Turner.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued during the past week from the register's office, Bellefonte:

Oscar G. DeHass and Minearma C, Bailer, both of Liberty township.

Edward E. Miller, of Snow Shoe, and Frances E. Shope, of Milesburg.

Herman W. Baird, of Penna. Furnace and Lucy Alice Hoy, of Lemont.

Jacob W. Bair, of Spring Mills, and Mary C. Rishel, of Madisonburg.

George E. Glenn, of Bellefonte, and Cora M. Hetzel, of Aaronsburg.

William Klinefelter, of Tusseyville, and Sarah Jane Confer, of Spring Mills.

Stopped a Fight With Hot Water.

Last week at Gallitzin, two Hungarian men became involved in a fight. They were struggling on the ground when a woman, who was boiling clothes near by, took up a bucket of scalding water and dashed it over them. One of them escaped, but the other was almost boiled, the flesh coming off his body in stripes. He is now in the Altoona hospital in a critical condition.

Special Notice.

As I contemplcat a change in my business, by the 1st of March, I now offer my entire stock of clothing and gents furnishing goods regardless of cost. This is no humbug, but a straigh offer.

SIMON LOEB.

The Democratic owl kept a sharp eye

Fancy Work Talk.

The only place in Centre County that can lay special claim to devoting *special* effort, *special* attention to Fancy Goods and Fancy work is Strehle's.

Stamping, Pinking, and Art Needle Work. Satisfaction and good work guaranteed. Examine the following list carefully, and save it for future reference.

Our stock comprises:—Scrim, Bolton Cloth, Silks, Satins, Plushes, Velvets, Ribbons, Silk and Linen Fringes, Silk Balls and Tassels, Arrasene, Ribbosene, Floss, Chenille, Emb. Hoops, Banner Rods, Purse Trimmings, Gilt and Steel Beads, Gilt and Fancy Braids and Cords Tinsel, &c., of every description, Filo, Embroidery, Rope, Etching, Wash Twist Knitting and Sewing Silks.

Ice Wool, Crewel, Zephyr, Saxony, Germantown, Knitting Worsted, &c. Stamped Pillow Shams 18 cents per pair New Window Drapery, 18 cents per yard, a great variety of Stamped Linens, Doylies, Tidies, Splashers, Tray Covers, Bureau, Side-Board and Stand Scarfs, &c.

For Infants wear, we have a complete assortment of Silk, Cassimere and Plush Caps. Silk 50 cents to $1.50, Cass. 25 to 75 cents, Plush 50 cents to $3.50.

Hand knit and Jersey Cloth Sacks for mall Babies—a beauty for 25 cents, Bootees, Mittens, Bibs, &c., Ladies hand Knit Hoods and Fascinators, a good one at 25 cents, Handkerchiefs, 3 cents up, Beauties, Dolls! Dolls! 1 cent to $1.50 Chatelaine Bags 25 to 89 cents. In addition we carry constantly in stock a complete assortment of Dress Buckles, Belts, Bead Necklaces, Hair Curlers, Hair Pins, Novelties in Jewelry, Gloves Ruching, Laces, Veiling, Ladies Purses,

We cordially invite you to call and inspect our stock, and compare prices, Strehle's Millinery—Brockerhoff Block Bellefonte, Pa.

The latest Paris Novelty—Ostrich Boa or Collarette at Strehle's Millinery, Bellefonte Pa.

Death of Mrs. Leitzell.

Mrs. Mary Leitzell, of Tusseyville, died on Tuesday last, of typhoid fever, after an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Leitzell has been an active member of the Evangelical church for many years. Two children survive her, a son in Washington, D. C., and a daughter in Colorado.

——Do not fail to read notice and advertisement of Simon Loeb in this week's issue.

——Call at Loeb's clothing store; examine his stock and prices.

——"Think not the clothes will make the man," but they help. It is an undisputed fact that the Philad. Branch has more handsome styles, finer goods and better assortment of clothihg than any two stores in Bellefonte.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place:

Personal.

—Miss Sarah Arnold, of Centre Hill was among the callers at the REPORTER office last week.

—F. Burkholder, Potter townships live implement agent, dropped in last week.

—Harry Dinges returned this week from the excursion to Tennessee, and was delighted with the country and his trip.

—Ex-Commissioner John Wolf and wife, visited at his brother's Wm. Wolf, in this place, last week.

—Wm. Goheen spent a few minutes with us on Tuesday.

—Chris Murray came home Saturday from Lancaster to cast his first vote for the Democracy.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bayard, of Washington, D. C, favored us with a call Tuesday.

By telegram, to his parents, Charley Harpster announced his safe arrival in Missoula, Montana, on Thureday last.

—W. W. Rishell, of Coburn, gave us a short call Wednesday.

—Ex Commissioner John Wolf, of Miles, was in town the other day.

—Mr. Erice and his bride, nee Miss Emerick, left for their home in Stevenson county, Ill., this week. May prosperity attend them.

——Lewins is piling up spring clothing, all new stock, for men and boys. He has the largest and best assortment in Bellefonte and at prices that none can compete. Suits made to order, by one of best tailors in the state and perfectfits guaranteed.

NO NONSENSE.

COLD FACTS TO DEAL WITH IN THE FUTURE NO MAN OR WOMAN TO BE TRIFLED WITH

Plain figures must be the inducement. Every body needs, wants, and will have some stimulant in the house, and they can have it! Look out now! Here are prices for you.

Six year old Guckenheimer, Finch Gibson or Overholt guaranteed positively pure, six full quarts for $5.00, or $1.00 per single quart, packed and shipped to your home. No charge for packing. Silver Age Rye the people's favorite at $1.50 per each quart bottle, or 12 bottles for $15.00. Wines of all kinds, foreign or domestic for 50c upward. For further information send for a complete catalogue and price list to.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal Street
Allegheny Pa.

A Request.

I respectfully ask the boys of Centre Hall not to meddle with the pond and water on my lot. In the summer they can use the pond for swimming and bath in it—but I ask them to keep away from it now and until summer. I would also say that parties have taken away saw dust without even asking for it. I ask that this be also discontinued. The saw dust is for sale, and parties wanting dust can procure the same from Leshe.

W. A. JACOBS,

Bald Eagle Nursery Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees.

I desire to inform the public that I have my usual assortment of nursery stock on hand for fall and spring planting. I grow of sorts I have tested. I do not boast of high priced new sorts, many of which I have tested and found of little value. Apple trees 15cts. or $14 per hundred, Pear, Shade, and Evergreen trees 40 cents, Grape vines 25 or 5 for $1, Quince 20 cents.

Unionville, Fleming P. O., Pa.
433 W. P. Fisher.

CAUTION.—HAVING PURCHASED AT CONstable's sale the following articles of S. D. Burris: 3 stoves, chamber suit, horse, cow, sleigh, buggy, spring wagon, heifer, 3 hogs, and all the defendant's personal property. I hereby, caution all persons against meddling with same leaving it in his possession.

KATE BURRIS,
433 Potters Mills.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE.—THE UNDERsigned offers at private sale a fine homestead, 3 miles south-west of Tusseyville, a tract containing

o——o 97 ACRES LAND, o——o

thereon a 2 story house, barn and outbuildings, with an abundance of choice fruits, and a never failing spring of water. The land is under good cultivation, and about 12 acres are woodland. There are indications of coal on the land.

Terms.—to suit purchaser, or will be exchanged for town property. Apply to

W. R. FROM,
23 oct 3 m Spring Mills.

FARM FOR SALE.—WILL BE EXPOSED at public sale on the premises, in Georges Valley, 2 miles south-west of Spring Mills on

o—o THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1890. o—o

At 1 p. m. a valuable farm belonging to the estate of John Sweetwood, dec'd, containing

)——(176 ACRES,)——(

more or less, of which 130 acres are in state of cultivation, balance in woodland. Thereon a

——— GOOD HOUSE AND BARN, ———

with necessary outbuildings, 2 orchards, one a young one and bearing, other fruit in abundance, a good spring at the door.

TERMS —⅓ of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, ⅓ in 1 year and the balance in two years with interest, 5 per cent of purchase money to be paid as soon as sold, deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

J. J. ARNEY,
JAS. A. SWEETWOOD,
Executors Est. of John Sweetwood, dec'd.

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the second and final account of Daniel Irvin, Committee of Joseph Helso, a lunatic; and the first and partial account of Samuel J. Herring, Assignee of Daniel Bartgess, in trust for benefit of creditors, have been filed in the Prothonatory's office, and unless exceptions be filed thereto on or before Tuesday the 25th day of Nov 1890, they will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county for Confirmation,

L. A. SCHAEFFER,
oct 22 Prothonotary.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, there will be sold at public sale on the premises, on

o——o SATURDAY NOV. 8, o——o

At 1 o'clock, the following described real estate of Levi Snyder, dec'd, late of Potter township, A valuable tract of land bounded by lands of Philip Foster, William Keller, Samuel Husten, and Jacob Meese, containing

)——(5 ACRES)——(

gross measure. The improvements are Two Dwelling Houses, Stable and other outbuildings. A spring of never failing water and good fruit on the premises. The property is located on the public road leading from Farmers Mills to Centre Hall, and is so arranged as to make a desirable home to any wishing to invest.

Terms.—⅓ the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale. The balance in one year thereafter. The deferred payments to bear interest and be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JOHN H. SNYDER,
JAMES H. OTT,
Executors.

PUBLIC SALE.—WILL BE OFFERED AT public sale at Tusseyville, on the premises belonging to Rebecca Weaver, (formerly Bair,) on

o—o SATURDAY NOVEMBER 22, o—o

At 1 o'clock, the following real estate, viz: The first thereof being a timber tract, Bounded by lands of John Wagner, John Meixler and public road, containing

)—(6 ACRES AND 99 PERCHES,)—(

neat measure.

The second thereof beginning at a stone, thence by lands of Wm. Rishell south 16.5 deg. east 23 per. to a stone, thence north 44.5 deg. east 15.9 per. to a stone, thence south 24 deg. 22.7 per. to a post; thence north 55 deg. east 43.5 per. to a stone thence north 52 5 deg. west 27 per. to place of beginning containing

)—(6 ACRES AND 77 PERCHES.)—(

Thereon erected a 2-Story Dwelling House, Stable and other outbuildings. A lot of the choicest fruit on the premises, and a good spring at the door. Terms will be made known day of sale.

M. L. RISHELL,
Attorney.

BLACKSMITH WANTED.—WANTED A first class horse shoer, single man, good wages, and steady work, apply to

HARDMAN PHILIPS,
6nov 3t Yeagertown, Mifflin Co., Pa.

CASH or its EQUIVALENT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that on and after Sept. 15th, 1890, I will sell for

CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT ONLY!

Having been doing a Credit business for 5 years, I find the patron who pays his bills has in a certain measure also to help pay the bad debts, etc., I am satisfied this will be beneficial to you and me Come and see that we are selling goods at *cash prices*. Thanking you for your patronage in the past and soliciting your future trade, I am Very Truly Yours,

R. E BARTHOLOMEW.

Centre Hall, Sept. 1, 1890. 3m

:0:

SERGES, Henriettas, Plaids, Stripes, Cloths, etc.

Yarns in Columbia brands, Germantown, Saxony, Spanish, German Knitting and Zeyhyr. Our 10 cent Saxony is the equal of any 12 cent Saxony made. Compare it and see.

Shoulder Capes from $2.50 to $10. Our full line of coats will arrive this week. At $4.50 we sell a stunner, but sizes are all broken up on that number now, but lots of more $20. We can say what there is not another coat house in town can say—that we did not carry one coat of last season's purchases over. Reason why, we bought the most stylish line at popular prices and not a misfit in the lot. Better for you and for us.

3 cakes of Grand-Pa's Soap for 25 cts. Ask any one that uses it whether it is good or not and above all if the price is correct. We think it is low. Others offer inferior grades at same prices, but don't touch them. Buy only the original.

Bustles at 10, 15, 20, and 25 cents. Four styles in Mantle Lambrequins. Writing Tablets from 4c up. Skirtings at all prices. Send to us for samples.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

:0: